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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

No sooner had the Morocco cloud lifted than the news came that Italy was mobilising an expedition to Tripoli, and on Thursday the Italian Government presented an ultimatum, announcing its intention of occupying the province, and requiring the Porte to withdraw the Turkish garrison. Failing an answer within twenty-four hours, Italy declared that she would immediately take steps to put her decision into action. The strength of the expedition is put at 60,000 men, and the fleet, it is believed, will be divided into two squadrons, one for service in the *Ægean*, and the other to cover a landing. The Turkish garrison in Tripoli numbers about 25,000 men, armed with Mausers, but short of artillery, and, in addition, there is a local Arab militia. It is said that if a landing is made the Italians will content themselves with occupying the coast towns, and will not penetrate into the interior. They could not if they would with so small a force, but in any case a landing will mean war with Turkey, and these limited liability schemes always break down in practice. The political and military gravity of the enterprise has led some to suppose that Italy has been encouraged by France or by England. Of active English encouragement there is no evidence, nor of French; but there is something in the suggestion that an Italian attack on the coast would do France the service of withdrawing the Turkish troops from Borku and other places in the interior which are in the French "sphere." In the south of Italy there is some enthusiasm for war, but in the north the opposition is strong.

THE most amazing feature of this discreditable enterprise is the fact that no real explanations have yet been made of Italian policy. The only definite grievance in Tripoli is that the Turkish Government is unfavorable to "pacific penetration" by Italian traders. But if that were all, there might be hope of a settlement, and Germany, it is understood, is using her influence to induce Italy to restrict her demands to the redress of specific economic grievances. But the whole cause of Italian action suggests a much more ambitious policy, and the bellicose newspapers expect nothing less than a protectorate. Tripoli is an integral part of Turkey, who would hardly consent to be robbed of her sovereignty. The connection between the Young Turks and Tripoli happens to be particularly close, but even if they were willing to make concessions of sovereignty, their credit in the country would not survive the sacrifice. The "Tanin" bitterly declares the action of Italy to be an outcome of the animosity of Christianity towards Islam. Such conduct, it says, is a violation of the principles of international law, humanity, and civilisation. "It is evident that the word 'justice' is a lie in Europe, that protests of amity from the Powers have no meaning, and that treaties are merely instruments of deception which may be destroyed when any advantage is to be gained thereby."

THE German reply to the French Note on Morocco has been received, and though it is said in Paris to contain new demands, it is assumed that these concern points of administrative detail. The dispute long ago reached a stage at which war was impossible. On the whole, France has scored a victory, which was inevitable when Germany, having asked and been promised compensation for leaving France a free political hand in Morocco, went back on her position, and herself called for political rights, or even for a *condominium*. She has paid the penalty not only of asking too much in rights and in territory, but of asking it in the wrong way, and she has met a valid and skilful answer to her claims.

UNFORTUNATELY, France's gain is our loss. Germany is probably minded to visit her check on England, and if she retorts by adding to her Naval Law in 1912, we have bound ourselves to follow suit. Mr. McKenna, speaking in North Monmouthshire on Tuesday, fairly enough repeated his specific pledge of March 13th that we had reached "high tide" in the Navy Estimates, and that if there were no further amendment of the German Act the figures for 1912-13 would show a reduction. The speech contained some generalities on sea-power, but no offence, as far as we can judge, to Germany. This is not the reading of the German Press, which chooses to regard the utterance as provocative or even "impertinent," only one organ, the Radical "*Vossische Zeitung*," discriminating between it and the preceding series of scare speeches. This is the rebound of the Morocco affair; a rebound which we shall feel whenever Germany regards herself as hindered or piqued.

ORANGEISM has found a new leader in Sir Edward Carson, who has caught its barbarous accent to a nicety.

At a series of demonstrations and conferences in Belfast and Portrush, he spoke like a true Peep-o'-day Boy, almost openly inciting to sedition and outrage. His followers agreed to appoint a burlesque Commission, which was to form a "provisional Government" for Ulster, to come into operation on the passing of Home Rule, and to remain in office till it was superseded, when the revolted province would revert to the King. The "Morning Post," an admiring critic, adds that Sir Edward Carson, in "simple and solemn language," said that if the British Army shot down the Ulster men "that day would see the end of the British Empire." This paper further credits him with proposing that the Ulster men should "march from Belfast to Cork, and take the consequences if they never returned." The British Army and Navy (both of whom could hardly be encountered on the road from Belfast to Cork) would touch fighting Ulster "at their peril." We hope this "march" will take place out of term-time, so as not to interfere with Sir Edward Carson's annual collection of Saxon briefs. If a Nationalist or a strike leader had used such language, he would probably have had a swingeing sentence of penal servitude. But Sir Edward Carson is only a Privy Councillor, and under special allegiance to the Crown which he thus defies. We observe, by the way, that at one of these "loyalist" demonstrations "A Voice" threatened to shoot the King.

* * *

THE new scheme of the Board of Trade for dealing with labor disputes strikes us as a sound measure, which should win the approval of the general public as well as of the parties immediately concerned in these differences. It proposes to set up a Board of Arbitration, representing employers and employed in equal numbers, with Sir George Askwith as permanent chairman. This body will have power to arbitrate in disputes that "are causing stoppages of staple industries and trades ancillary thereto, or are causes of serious inconvenience to the public." When a dispute arose in any of the great industries, instead of an immediate strike or lock-out, with the resulting dislocation of trade and injury to allied industries, the matter would first be referred to the Board of Arbitration, which, after hearing evidence, would give its decision. Should either party refuse to accept this decision, it might, of course, resort to such measures within the law as it thought best calculated to enforce its claims. But we feel convinced that the scheme will go a long way towards the peaceful settlement of industrial differences. In most cases public opinion is the deciding factor in determining a dispute. When that opinion is backed and guided by evidence and by the award of an impartial tribunal, it will become a still more powerful influence for peace.

* * *

EVIDENCE on behalf of the railway companies continues to be taken by the Railway Commission. Of the witnesses examined during the past week one, Sir Guy Granet, was especially important, not so much because he is the general manager of the Midland, as because of the intimate relation in which he has stood to the Conciliation scheme since its establishment four years ago. Sir Guy told the Commissioners the story of the negotiations of 1907, and stated that the scheme was accepted by the companies with the greatest misgiving. He insisted that it was a solemn bargain, entered into by both sides for seven years, and therefore during that time the question of the recognition of the unions could not be raised. He had two reasons against recognition: first, that, on the ground of sanctity of contract alone,

the companies could not do now something which four years ago they paid a heavy price to avoid; secondly, that the unions were powerless to enforce obedience. Nevertheless, Sir Guy Granet's position was less uncompromising than that of his fellow-managers, since he admitted to Mr. Henderson that he might find it necessary to change his mind on the question of recognition if the majority of the men should become trade unionists. This is the nearest approach to "business" which the railway magnates have made, for to recognition in some form or another they must come.

* * *

THE general strike of Irish railway-workers, which was declared on Thursday week, has failed, as only a few hundred men obeyed the summons of the Amalgamated Society and left work. Not more than 6,000 men were at any time on strike, 5,000 of these being employed on the Great Southern and Western Railway, the line on which the dispute broke out, while through the week the men have been returning to work in increasing numbers. The traffic, though improved, is still far from normal; provisions are scarce in several towns in the South, and on Monday a company of Royal Engineers reached Dublin from Aldershot, and have been held ready to work the special troop trains which are run at this time of the year, as well as the mail trains in case of emergency. Lord Aberdeen and his Under-Secretary, Sir James Dougherty, have worked hard for a settlement, and on Thursday night a deputation of the men agreed to come back to work on condition that all the strikers were reinstated in their old places without penalty. The directors, however, refused reinstatement, except in so far as it suits the work of the railways, and negotiations have been broken off for the present. The impossible nature of the men's claim that the railways should refuse consignments from firms having disputes with their employees turned public opinion against the strikers, and this, together with the bad tactics of their leaders and sectional jealousies among the men, has assured the companies of a victory which they seem to be pressing to an extreme length.

* * *

KILMARNOCK has returned a weighty verdict for the Government and the Insurance Bill, which was the special electoral subject. Mr. Gladstone has secured a majority of 2,286 over the Unionist, and 4,162 over the Labor candidate. The result, which was far in excess of Liberal hopes, is the more striking as, though Sir John Rees is an acquired taste either as a Liberal or a Tory candidate, the Labor representative was able and well-informed. The two opposition candidates practically coalesced in their attack on the Chancellor's Bill, a line of action to which no advanced party in any country but our own would assent. The only result has been to transfer some part of the normal Liberal and Unionist vote to the Labor candidate, who, at the same time, is left in a minority of over 4,000 votes. This is a very bad issue for Labor, and a very good one for the Government, which has, of course, secured clear marching orders for the Insurance Bill.

* * *

THE letter addressed to a correspondent by the Under-Secretary for India on the subject of offences by the Indian Police is a significant and hopeful document. It shows that, under pressure from home, the Government of India has at last been brought to take a right view of the duty of British authorities with regard to the practice of torture, and it concedes, by implication, the whole of the case brought against the Indian police. Referring to the cancelled promotions of the police

officers involved in the Midnapore scandal, Mr. Montagu says that, "in future all proposals for promotion or bestowal of honorary titles are to be held in abeyance in cases where inquiry or legal proceedings are pending." That is well, but it ought not to have been necessary to lay it down as a principle to be adopted. It is well known that cases of torture arise from the police tendency to rely upon confession, and consequently to procure confession by means of illegal pressure. Mr. Montagu indicates that new and drastic precautions are henceforward to be taken for the protection of under-trial prisoners. We congratulate Lord Crewe on a measure of reform which is assured of a cordial welcome in India.

* * *

EVEN now the exact results of the Canadian elections are not beyond doubt; but none of the recounts still pending are likely to improve the Liberal position. In the last Parliament the Liberals numbered 131, the Conservatives 89, and there was one Nationalist, Mr. Bourassa. In the new Parliament the positions are as nearly as possible reversed. The Liberals number 85—there are four seats still to be declared—and if the Conservatives are homogeneous, they would number 132, or one more than the Liberals in the last Parliament. But figures which represent as Conservative all those who are opposed to the Liberals are misleading. The figure of 132, includes twenty followers of Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monk. Mr. Bourassa is in no sense a Conservative, and though for tactical reasons his followers voted Conservative in the election, on most questions of policy that are likely to arise in the new Parliament his party will vote against Mr. Borden's Government. Mr. Monk is a Conservative on all questions except that of the naval agreement, on which he is in sympathy with Mr. Bourassa. While, therefore, the majority against Reciprocity is very large, on all questions affecting the constitutional relations between England and Canada Mr. Borden's majority may be too narrow to support changes of policy. The most disappointing feature of the election was that the Liberals should have done, in comparison with expectation, so poorly in the West.

* * *

ON Monday the French Navy suffered a disaster that excited the pity of all Europe. The "Liberté"—a fine modern battleship of the type immediately preceding the Danton class—blew up in Toulon harbor, where she had been anchored in company with her five sister ships since the recent review. Over two hundred of her crew were killed (many, fortunately, were on leave, including her commander, Captain Jaurès, brother of the statesman); and the flying ironwork killed many men on the battleships near the "Liberté," and did serious damage to the "République's" hull. The whole fleet, after the explosion, looked as though it had been in action. A violent controversy is raging as to the cause of the explosion. It was probably not due to a fire as was at first stated, but to the spontaneous combustion of the "B" powder, which, especially when it is ageing, is dangerous. If that be so—and it seems to be almost the unanimous belief in the fleet—the "Liberté" has been lost through precisely the same cause as the "Iéna" four years ago. The French Admiralty is reluctant to accept this explanation, and prefers the theory of fire. But why, in that case, were the magazines not flooded?

* * *

Nor martial law nor the violence of the Premier, but Señor Lerroux and the apathy of Barcelona saved Spain from revolution last week. The general strike has

broken down, and except for martial law and the prosecutions, everything is back in the old ruts; but all the accounts of the state of Spain increase one's surprise that the Government should have come out so easily as it did. "All that is happening to-day," said the "Liberal" ten days ago, "is the consequences of hunger, of illiteracy, and of the absolute lack of equality and justice. For a hundred years all that Governments have thought of is raising the taxes, increasing the cost of living, and putting burdens on trade and industry. When no means can be found of giving food and rest to a hungry and excited people, then the moment has come to declare the existing system bankrupt, and to call others with modern ideas and greater talents to the posts of Government." When Spanish Liberals can write like that, and in spite of the censorship, we may imagine what the Republican and Socialist press was saying last week. The success of the Government is only temporary; and Spain is hurrying to revolution as fast as hunger and bitter discontent can take her. The crisis of last week will recur, and though the occasion may be political, the cause will be the misery and poverty.

* * *

AT the present moment the Prime Minister has four important ecclesiastical appointments at his disposal, and, as all of them have been occupied by liberal theologians in the past, it is essential that the liberal tradition should be maintained. The important living of St. Botolph in the City of London was held for a prolonged period by the late Prebendary Rogers—one of the most typical liberals of his day—and it will be little short of scandalous if it is allowed to become a mere appanage of the Bishopric of London. Westminster Abbey is the traditional home of English religious liberalism, and the two vacant canonries there should be assured for men of the same type as their predecessors. The Bishop of Ripon is in ecclesiastical ideas the most liberal bishop on the bench, and in these days of reaction it is all-important that this See should be retained by the liberal party in the Church. The Prime Minister has well said that the Church of England wants fresh air and open windows. He has now a unique opportunity of supplying these wants.

* * *

ON Wednesday the Law Courts were busy with three cases arising out of the proposed fight between Johnson and Wells. At the instance of the Home Office, both men were summoned to Bow Street to show cause why they should not enter into recognisances to keep the peace—a procedure not devoid of humor. While this case was being heard, Mr. Justice Lush was deciding whether he should grant an injunction, sought by the Metropolitan Railway Company, the freeholders of Earl's Court Exhibition, restraining the Earl's Court Company from allowing the contest to take place on their premises. The injunction was granted on the ground that, should the fight take place, the London County Council might refuse to renew the Earl's Court licence. The success of those who opposed this dangerous contest is satisfactory, though we imagine that the general disapprobation of it rests more on grounds of race-policy than of principle, and on the feeling that the men were unevenly matched, and the stakes too high.

[The next issue of THE NATION will be a Special Announcement Number and will contain a Supplement dealing with the Books to be published during the season.]

Politics and Affairs.

BRIGANDAGE IN TRIPOLI.

IF Europe were in political health, it would already have interposed its veto on Italian aggression in Tripoli. It is the most cynical transgression against public law and public policy that even our time has seen, and the precedents that have been quoted in palliation only bring out its particular heinousness. Austria had occupied Bosnia, and administered it successfully for nearly a generation before she annexed it; Great Britain went to Egypt in defence of financial interests not wholly her own; and the threat against Agadir had its peroration in the French expedition to Fez. But Italy can plead no excuse for attacking Turkey in Tripoli, except that France, Germany, and Russia have each attacked other Mohammedan States. She has revived and even improved upon the doctrine of the *quid pro quo* as practised by the Powers in China. The doctrine then was that when the robber steals a man's purse, the Pharisee thereby acquires a right to his watch, and the good Samaritan to his umbrella. Now each act of brigandage is held to justify another and a worse attack on a different victim. Mazzini, in 1838, said that North Africa would belong to Italy, and Bismarck, twenty-eight years later, flattered him by writing to him that the empire of the Mediterranean was one and indivisible, and should belong to Italy. It has proved so eminently divisible that Italy has gone to Tripoli because it was now or never for her. That is her sole reason, which she has not even taken the trouble to disguise.

Attempts have been made to suggest that Italy's subjects in Tripoli have been treated unfairly by the Turkish authorities, but it is not surprising that they should have been suspicious, seeing that Italy had long talked of their country as her own. But even worse than the aggression itself are its circumstances and its likely results. It is an act of political incendiarism. It is an outrage on Turkey, of which Tripoli is as indisputably a part as Smyrna. It is disloyal to the Triple Alliance, the principal member of which cultivates the friendship of Turkey. And it is treason against the peace of Europe. For Turkey has no alternative but to fight against Italian aggression on Tripoli. Her Government is, before everything else, Nationalist in spirit. Tripoli, moreover, was the favorite place of banishment under Abdul Hamid for Young Turks, and for that, among other reasons, the Young Turks are devotedly attached to what remains of their North Morocco Empire. But who can see the issues of a war between Turkey and a great European Power? The doctrine of compensation which Italy has invoked spreads fast, and no one can stay its ravages. In any case, war or no war, the credit of the Turkish Government is sure to be shaken. It is a strange way that Italy has chosen of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of her independence to strangle New Turkey in its birth.

Under better conditions Europe would have restrained the policy of Italy. But her political health was never so bad. The action of Italy is not to be excused by what has happened in Morocco, but it is a bitter appendix

to it. It is a satirical parody on the detestable practice among European Powers of dividing out other people's property in order to safeguard themselves from the effects of their unregulated appetites. From that point of view there is at any rate dramatic justice in Italy thus bursting in upon the congratulations of France and Germany that war has been avoided by the destruction of Morocco's independence. But if Europe had been divided into two hostile camps, it might still have restrained Italy. Unfortunately the spectre of European politics is present even in Tripoli. The "Temps" cynically reminds Turkey that the Triple Alliance took Bosnia, and that if the Triple Alliance takes Tripoli, too, she will have another opportunity of practising the forgiveness of sins. In the same spirit is the reply which the British Embassy at Constantinople is falsely reported to have given to Turkey's appeal for help, that she made her bed at the time of the Bosnian trouble, and must lie on it.

But Italy in her African policy is certainly not acting as a member of the Triple Alliance. France's consent to Italy's designs was secured twelve years ago, and was made more precise in an Agreement of November, 1902, which recognised the special interests of France in Morocco and of Italy in Tripoli. England, too, is understood to have expressed herself in the same sense. Yet the choice of occasion by Italy is so remarkable, that it is not surprising that some German critics should have accused England and France of active encouragement. According to one, Italy is being used as a cat's-paw for France, because the effect of an expedition to the coast will be to withdraw Turkish troops from their occupation of Borku in the hinterland, which the Anglo-French Agreement after Fashoda placed in the sphere of France. According to another set of critics, England has encouraged Italy in order to forestall Germany, and, very awkwardly, the "Westminster Gazette" this week concluded an article directed against this view by advising Italy that her interests "lie not in seizing and annexing Tripoli, but simply in seeing that it is not occupied and made a possible strategical base by any European Power." Expel a prejudice with a fork and it will return. The other European Power, of course, could only be Germany; and the advice amounts to a confession that Italy may, in a very clumsy fashion, be saving this country from a Mediterranean Agadir. There is, it would seem, no escaping from this obsession of international politics. In whatever part of the world a dispute arises, it is always there to distort judgment and to prevent us from protecting our real interests and discharging our plain duty to our friends.

In the interests of Italy, which are, after all, more immediately concerned, the whole adventure is deplorable. Even if Tripoli could be had for the asking, it would be doubtful policy for Italy to take it. It is the poorest of all the North African countries, and its development would, under the most favorable circumstances, cost money which could be much better spent at home. A nation which numbers Calabria and Apulia amongst its provinces need not go abroad for a civilising mission. Italy has an Africa at home. But Tripoli cannot be had,

except by a serious and even dangerous war. The number of the Turkish troops in Tripoli is variously estimated at from 10,000 to 30,000 men, but in addition Turkey has introduced compulsory military service amongst the Arabs, and the whole male population is warlike. The Expeditionary force of 60,000 men which is believed to have been proposed, might occupy the coast towns, but is wholly inadequate to occupy the country. Initial success is not certain; but it would in any case be succeeded by a harassing guerilla war, in which the Italian troops would ingloriously waste away in a hundred skirmishes and in fever hospitals. The recent work of reconstruction in Italian finance would be overthrown for a generation, and the immediate losses to Italian trade in Turkey in the first month of a war could not be repaid by ten years of monopoly in Tripoli. Opinion in Italy is stated, on the whole, to be in favor of the war; but there is, as usual, a marked divergence between the South and the North. In the North there has been rioting, and in the industrial towns the railway stations are occupied by soldiers and under martial law. In some places women and children have thrown themselves across the lines to prevent the trains from starting with the reservists. It is tragic to see the shadow of Crispi's policy once more lengthening over Italy. The Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, like Crispi, is a Sicilian. The South, which will not contribute good soldiers, is the only part of Italy which attains actual enthusiasm for the war. Is the South never to contribute anything to Italian politics but the big mouthing phrase and a diseased imagination? There is, happily, no evidence of the charge that this country has encouraged Italy in this mad adventure, but it is bad enough to think that it is doing nothing to restrain her. Has the conception of international friendship sunk to the mere connivance at each other's follies?

THE PLAYBOYS OF NORTHERN IRELAND.

If first impressions decide issues, the party which stands for ascendancy in Ireland has lost the battle, and the party which claims national liberty has won it. We do not indeed assume that events march precisely at that pace or in that sequence, for there is a long interval between the passage of a Home Rule Bill and the renewed demonstration to the British peoples of its necessity and fitness. But as the maintenance of order and the reconciliation of the Irish people with the law are large elements in the case, it is as well to have an early assurance from the Orange party that it respects neither law nor order. Its new leader, vice Lord Londonderry deposed, or on sufferance, is indeed a Privy Councillor and King's Counsel, who might be supposed to know that open incitement to murder, outrage, and breaches of the peace is a crime. But he is also a frank exponent of the Separatist doctrine of ascendancy. To this class of politician, Crown and Empire are the privileges of North-East Ulster, and they are nothing more. So long as the Empire takes its orders from the Orange lodges, all is well. But if there is discontent in the wigwags, and North-East Ulster despatches an army of drunken raiders from Belfast to Cork, the Empire must see it through or perish. If it proclaims a provisional Govern-

ment for Belfast and incidentally takes over the care of "loyalists" in *partibus*, the British Constitution will give way, and Robespierre-Carson will reign instead of George V. We do not know what view the Imperial Government holds of these essays in treason, or of the importation of fire-arms in which certain citizens of Ulster have been engaged. We may perhaps suggest that these acts are within the full knowledge of the authorities, who have ample details as to the various meditated or half-imagined offences they imply. If those responsible for them mean business, they know perfectly well that they have already laid themselves open to serious penalties. Sir Edward Carson will no more be allowed to disturb the King's peace than was Mr. Cecil Rhodes. If, on the other hand, we are merely witnessing a fit of Ulsteria, we shall conclude that when Sir Edward, like Mr. Snodgrass, takes off his coat and announces that he is "going to begin" three years in advance of the fight, he is merely giving an early advertisement to the police to take no notice of him. As for the political effect of such fustian, it can only be to increase the growing number of defections from this violent and reckless form of Unionism, and to deepen the contrast between it and the party which is visibly bending the whole force of statesmanship to making Home Rule reasonably acceptable not merely to its own adherents, but to Irishmen of every class and creed, not excluding Sir Edward Carson himself. In a word, the conventional position of the two Irish parties has been completely reversed by Sir Edward Carson's speeches. The Nationalist appeal is to reason against force, the Orange appeal is to force against reason. Which is likely to prevail?

For what is to be the policy of North-east Ulster? In effect, only two courses are open to an intransigent Irish opposition to Home Rule. It may be flatly treasonable, in which case—as the protests of its ablest organ in Ireland show—it will be broken in two from within and destroyed from without, or it may lean to more or less passive resistance. But in the latter case its only excuse can be actual injustice in the framework of the Bill. And how can that accrue? The Bills of 1886 and 1893 expressly disabled the Irish Parliament from endowing and assisting a prevailing form of religion, or injuring the Church of a minority, or from creating any personal privilege or disability in respect of creed. Does Belfast fear invidious taxation? There are plenty of Catholics in her borders, and if there is one passion in present-day Nationalist politics more intense than another, it is the desire to promote and extend Irish industries. But it is quite possible that owing to the inherent difficulties of an off-hand settlement of the financial relationship, both direct and indirect taxation may remain for a time in Imperial hands, and the Irish Government may be content to accept a block contribution from the Imperial Power, fairly representing the needs of the country, and of the great constructive services in land tenure and settlement which both British parties have set on foot. In that case, on whom is the wrath of Belfast to fall, and what vile bodies are to defile the crystal waters of the Lagan? The King's excisemen and income-tax collectors? Or if

absence from the Irish Parliament is to be the watch-word of Unionism, the special interests of Belfast, and of the scattered remnants of the flock in central and southern and western and northern Ireland, will have grievous cause of complaint against the policy of their leaders. North-east Ulster, says Sir Edward Carson, means to "control" the districts that come naturally under Protestant and minority rule. She controls them to-day so successfully as practically to exclude the large Catholic element, and we do not know that any arm of an Irish Executive would be long enough or strong enough to turn an intolerant faction into a tolerant one. Has she fears of Socialism? One hundred and ten millions of Irish land out of a total of about one hundred and eighty millions are virtually in the hands of a peasant proprietary, the most conservative force, next to the Catholic Church, in Europe. As estate after estate is freed from the rent-tax, experience shows that the class-war disappears, and that landlords at bitter feud with their tenants are free to settle down on the demesnes reserved for them by the Estates Commissioners. No decree of banishment attaches to these recruits to the new Irish citizenship, no wind of local hatred blows against them. If some members of this class have needlessly chosen exile, others have taken service with the County Councils. Mr. T. W. Russell was probably right in telling the members of the Eighty Club that in a society thus re-made the conservative element must in the end prevail.

We shall therefore take leave to conclude that the outbreak in Ulster is one more sign of the familiar truth that present-day Irish parties act and speak as under their British taskmaster's eye, and with the visible object of impressing the susceptible British heart. If we think that the Irishman, Nationalist or Unionist, loves us for our own sweet sake, and does not equally cherish a belief in the essential incompetence of our rule, tempered by a practical resolve to get the last maravedi out of it, we shall discover our amiable error when the real Ireland emerges under Home Rule. The Northern Ulsterman is "loyal" just so long as he thinks that we will run all Ireland in the interests of a party which, outside its corner, cannot hold a single seat, save in the little *enclave* of Trinity College. The Nationalist is "disloyal" so long as the British Government represents merely this factionist interest. But both parties are essentially Irish in aim as well as in thought and character. If it were possible to facilitate their meeting in an Irish Parliament, by applying the Canadian example of provincial and Dominion assemblies to the four provinces and the central body in Dublin, we should be disposed to suggest such a plan to the Nationalists, and we have no doubt they would consider it with care. But we are convinced that, in spite of the superficial signs of Irish politics, the eyes of Nationalists and Unionists are set in the same direction. The events of the past decade prove it. Neither body dreams of separation, though both might in the end resent, and perhaps misuse, a too small Home Rule Bill. And both are bound in the end to disappear in a political Ireland in which each of them would have lost its *raison d'être*. There will be Progressives and Tories in Home Rule Ireland, as in

every other modern State, and they will shade off into as many tints of green and orange as color her skies at sunset.

THE ROAD TO INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

THE permanent panel of arbitrators, representing employers and employed, which the Government proposes to institute, will, we take it, come into operation only on the voluntary application of both parties. Any proposal for compulsory arbitration, at any rate outside certain special industries, would, under present conditions, be resolutely rejected by both sides. For this there is good reason. Employers would say that no legal coercion could prevent men from withholding their work if they are resolute in doing so. Men would say that there are no established principles on which an arbitral court could act which would give them what they hope to gain by collective bargaining. Compulsory arbitration can only come into existence in proportion as the principles which should determine wages are understood and become matter of general agreement. We are, perhaps, getting a little nearer to this point, for the labors of Mr. Booth, Mr. Rowntree, and other social investigators have yielded a proximate definition of the bare subsistence wage which, with the aid of price-lists and a knowledge of local house rent, can be translated roughly into terms of pounds, shillings, and pence. We know that a good many workers enjoy less than this minimum, and are accordingly forced periodically upon charity or the Poor Law, and compulsory arbitration in these cases would act as the Wage Boards do, and raise wages as far towards the minimum as the industry would bear for the moment. But the bare subsistence wage is not a "living" wage, and what the lowest living wage should be is a question raising more complicated issues and not yet susceptible of a definite answer. Lastly, if the living wage is something to which the mass of normally honest and industrious persons have a claim, the "fair" wage which is to pay for special skill or abnormal toil is something different again, and still more difficult to define in any general principles which an arbitrator could apply.

Compulsory arbitration, then, does not of itself open a straight and easy road to industrial peace. The way is longer, and lies through all the complex changes involved in the substitution of a more equitable and orderly system of industry for the rough-and-ready methods of the old, unfettered competition. Had permanent peace been established fifty years ago by the acquiescence of the laboring classes in the conditions then ruling, we should have lost a good deal of social progress. Most people looking back over that period will admit that the struggles of the operatives to improve their position have been for the good of society as a whole. It is probable that fifty years hence, looking back on the battles of to-day, most people will admit that it was better for our country that men should struggle against the conditions which still obtain than that they should sit down under them. This is not to say that it is the business of the onlookers to encourage the fighting spirit, or even to sit passive while the combatants fight it out. On the contrary, it is their

duty to find channels through which the energy of a gathering social hope can flow with the least possible friction to fruitful ends. But it does imply that whatever measures we seek to employ in seeking and ensuring industrial peace should be based, not on any economic peace-at-any-price principle, but on the assumption that great improvements in the lot of the majority of the working classes are eminently necessary to the common good.

In such a position of affairs a compulsory settlement of disputes is possible only in extreme cases, and that is why we have Wages Boards to deal with specially scheduled "sweated" trades. It is a matter of common agreement that work ought not to go on under conditions which tend progressively to destroy the health and life of the worker. We shall probably witness an extension of the schedule if the existing Boards are justified by success, and it is by no means certain that so important an industry as agriculture, at least in the South and the Midlands, may not some day come under their scope. But to the body of organised industries, compulsion is, for reasons stated, at present inapplicable. Does it follow that the impartial judgment of an arbitrator is wholly valueless? Suppose that the arbitral council appointed by the Board of Trade had power to require the attendance of both parties in an industrial dispute, that it could insist on a statement of the case on each side, and on facilities for obtaining evidence for its own use. Suppose that, having heard the parties and taken evidence, it were to formulate a reasoned judgment on the merits, and commit this judgment to the parties and the public. It is clear that without any legal power to compel acceptance the moral force of such procedure would be very great. It would, to begin with, get over the medieval objection of some employers to any dealings with what they call third parties. They might not agree to negotiate directly with trade-union officials, but they would be forced, as an alternative, to be parties in a cause where those officials would represent the opposite party. Substantially it is recognition at this stage and to this degree which the railway directors accepted in agreeing to the present Railway Commission. Next, in default of voluntary mutual negotiation, there would be a compulsory production of evidence on both sides, and evidence affects the mind even of that irrational animal called Man, and even where it runs against his interests and his prejudices. Lastly, the evidence being heard, there would be an award, and an impartial award makes for peace in more than one way. It gives to either side an honorable ground for abandoning a false position. It does not prevent both sides from claiming the victory; on the contrary, it is most successful when it leaves both sides at least a loophole for loudly asserting that they won it by their strength or their own right means, or through the weakness or pusillanimity of their opponents. But what is more important, the award would with public opinion be final. Now public opinion is already a great makeweight on the one side or the other in all the larger disputes. But at present public opinion is ill-instructed, and therefore divided against itself. Suppose it well-instructed, confident, and unanimous,

and its force is many times multiplied. At the same time, it is a power which involves no vexatious and probably futile legal machinery. It makes no opportunity for martyrs. Nor would it, in fact, coerce men who were convinced in sufficient intensity of unjust treatment. They would hold out against employers, arbitrators, public, and all, and their right to do so would not be impaired.

We do not, therefore, agree that the essential in arbitration is the suspensory power which would prohibit any strike until the award should be given. On the contrary, we think any proposal to grant such power will be resisted as one-sided. Rapidity of action is often the keenest weapon that a Trade Union can employ. Delay gives the employer time to make his preparations. He can work overtime and increase his stock while the arbitration is running its course, and sell off the goods when the strike begins. He can arrange to dispense with labor here and import it there. Almost invariably, time for preparation tells on the employer's side.

But any proposal that is to succeed must come unweighted with compulsion. Arbitration may have a considerable part to play in the maintenance of industrial peace. Whether, beyond this, there is any means of securing the stability of collective bargains by legal machinery, without relegating Trade Unions to the position which they occupied under the Taff Vale judgment, is a further question, which we do not for the moment discuss. We remark only that in any arbitral award the circumstances of a strike would necessarily be taken into account, and if they include a breach of a collective bargain, that would be a very serious item on the debit side of the party which committed the breach. Only, an arbitral court might do what a judge could not do; it might go into the spirit of the bargain, and measure questions of form against questions of substance. It would certainly propound a solution based on all the circumstances of the controversy and not on a point of law, and its authority might be sufficient to give to employers the confidence in the general stability of collective arrangements which they are undoubtedly entitled to demand as the price of recognition.

HIGH PRICES: THEIR MEASUREMENT AND CAUSES.

ALL over the world wage earners are complaining that things are costing them more, that their wages do not go so far as they did, that their small comforts are being restricted. The working man is no philosopher. He knows nothing of index numbers, or of price curves, or of the various theories by which economists attempt to explain his sufferings. But he knows that something is wrong, and if his own visits to the public-house and to the tobacconist's shop are too rare to point the moral, his wife will most certainly adorn the tale from her wider shopping experiences.

In attempting to comprehend this most baffling and important of all economic subjects, it is essential to start right; for it is one of those cases in which the beginning is at least half of the whole. Almost all the false theories about currency and banking which have perplexed

students, swindled creditors, and dislocated business, have originated in a false start. The point from which to set out is really simple and intelligible enough. Prices, it must be remembered, are not values: they are the measurements in one particular commodity (*e.g.*, gold or silver) of other commodities. In England, the United States, France, Germany, and indeed most civilised countries, the currency is based upon gold, and prices are gold prices. When we talk of the price of coal we really mean that so many tons of coal will exchange for an ounce of gold. If we say that the price of coal is higher than last year we mean that the weight of a particular quality of coal which we can buy with an ounce of gold is less now than it was then. In other words, the purchasing power of gold in regard to fuel has fallen: a sovereign will not go so far as it did in the coal market. But, while the price of coal has gone up, the price of other things may have gone down, and we must be careful not to jump to the conclusion that money is of less value merely because the prices of one or two things which may have come specially before our notice have risen.

Adam Smith, the father of Political Economy, used to consider the price of wheat as the best practical guide and criterion; but after his time the ingenious device of index numbers was invented, which has enabled us to follow the movement of prices and the purchasing power of gold with very great precision. We may illustrate the use of the index number very briefly from the oldest existing system, namely, the Economist Index number, of which an historical account was recently published. This index number was based on the average prices of 22 leading articles of common consumption for the years 1846 to 1850. Each average was called 100, so that the total index number was 2,200. Under the influence of the gold discoveries in California and Australia the index number rose pretty steadily as the purchasing power of gold fell, till it reached 3,792 in 1864. It dropped back to 2,582 in 1868, rose to 3,054 in 1872, fell with many fluctuations to 2,098 in 1885, and at last, in 1895, fell to the very low level of 1,931. This means that in 1895 a workman with double the nominal wages which his grandfather earned in the late 'forties was a good deal more than twice as well off, and in the course of 1900, when the index number once more rose to its original figure, he was exactly twice as well off. Since then there has been a considerable, though irregular, rise in the index number, culminating in the speculative trade boom of 1907, when it reached 2,594 on July 1st. In the depression which followed, it sank, but has risen again this year to above 2,500. If we reduce the figures to percentages we may say that prices have risen from 88 in 1895 to 114 this year, which means a return to nearly the price level (117) of 1880. Thus, what any given wage gained in purchasing power from 1880 to 1895 it lost between 1895 and 1911. A person whose wages fell from eleven (or twenty-two) shillings to eight (or sixteen) shillings in the first period, and then rose from eight (or sixteen) shillings to eleven (or twenty-two) shillings in the second period, would have been able to purchase all the time, roughly, the same quantity of the necessaries and conveniences of life. It will easily be understood that those whose wages have not risen substantially since 1895 are

complaining bitterly, and are not consoled by a reminder that the purchasing power of a sovereign is the same as in 1880, and very much higher than in the 'sixties and 'seventies of last century, when wages were very much lower.

So much for the general movement of prices, which can be best illustrated and measured by English index numbers, seeing that England offers the only instance in the world of a free trade market that has remained open to free food and commodities of almost all kinds from all countries for half a century. We think it certain that the rise in prices (which is another way of saying the fall in the purchasing power of gold) since 1895 is primarily due to the enormous increase in the world's gold production that has resulted from the discovery of the Rand mines. From this general rise of prices we must distinguish the special rises caused by tariffs in different countries; for these largely explain why on the Continent and in the United States popular protests of all kinds have been made against the increased cost of living. But the reason why these protests have been this year louder and more menacing than ever is not because the tariffs are higher, but because special causes have operated to aggravate the ordinary effects of high tariffs. Let us take, for example, the case of Germany. Germany has a good harvest of rye and wheat, but as there are export bounties as well as heavy import duties, no relief has come to the consumer, and the price of bread in Germany is higher than in England by the full amount of the tariff. Moreover, two of the most important crops of Germany—beet sugar and potatoes—have been almost ruined by the drought; and the same cause has made all dairy produce and fodder excessively dear. In England, also, the farmer has been hard hit by the drought. But our working classes have cheap meat and cheap bread. It is bad enough that sugar should have been driven up by the failure of the Continental beet crops and by the ridiculous Brussels Convention, while milk and dairy produce are also unusually dear. And though most articles of food are cheaper with us in this year of scarcity than in a year of plenty on the Continent, nevertheless, we should not be surprised to hear that (with high prices for sugar, milk, cheese, butter, fruit, and vegetables) many working class families are worse off now than in a normal year to the extent of a full shilling a week. And while our differential advantage over most tariff-ridden countries may be even greater than usual, the reflection that others are worse off does not console the sufferers. There will be heavy pressure on the Government to reduce the tea duties and to abolish the war tax on sugar. This is a misfortune for Mr. Lloyd George; for he will want every penny of his prospective surplus to finance the new Insurance Bill, while the workmen who are to benefit by it will find it harder to accept a reduction of fourpence a week, even in return for an advantageous insurance against sickness and invalidity.

THE FUTURE OF CANADIAN POLITICS.

WHEN Admiral Dewey was thought of as a Presidential candidate, and was asked on what platform he would stand, he replied, "But why any platform at all? Why

not just say 'The Flag'?' Could the most astute of wire-pullers have advised with greater shrewdness? "Canada," says the "Daily Telegraph," summing up the results of the latest of such flag-wagging campaigns, "has declared for the old Imperialism." Not, be it noted, for the new Imperialism with its intricate network of economic as well as political implications, but for the simple, albeit tinselled, Imperialism of the old school—the Imperialism, let us say, of Sir John Macdonald, as expressed in his immortal Micawberism—"I was born a British subject, and a British subject I will die." As everybody knows, such stuff has a certain electoral value wherever used, and in Canada its effectiveness has been attested more than once. Twenty years ago it saved Macdonald from disaster. At that time, as in the late elections, the Liberals were fighting for Reciprocity, and then as now—though then, to be sure, with greater plausibility than now—the cry was of danger to the Imperial bond. For those were the days, at one and the same time, of Conservative ascendancy and of general stagnation, of an arrested growth in population, and of wholesale emigration to the United States—about 1,500,000 French-Canadians alone were supposed to have crossed the border down to 1896—and, above all, of the undeveloped North-west territories. What wonder if in a Canada so circumstanced there should have been doubt and apprehension as to America's ulterior political designs? Even Mr. Blake, then on the point of making way in the Liberal leadership for his brilliant successor, confessed, after the elections, to certain qualms regarding Reciprocity on the explicit ground that the rejected policy might tend to hasten political union with the United States. These, however, were the events and emotions of twenty years ago, and to-day Canada is a changed world—changed in everything, it would seem, save in her fixed attachment to "the old Imperialism."

Doubtless the appeal to British sentiment played a part in the various causes that brought about Sir Wilfrid Laurier's defeat, and possibly a decisive part. Yet it is odd that this should have been so, for Laurier, as he has never been slow to remind his opponents, was the originator of Canada's preference policy. Moreover, under the same administration, Canada has become the great Imperial factor that we know her to be to-day, treating with other peoples as well as with the Mother Country on terms of equality only made feasible by the most adroit and vigilant statecraft consistently pursued as by a single controlling intelligence through a long course of years. But statecraft implies tactics, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a practised tactician. For fifteen years he maintained a wonderfully even balance between the rival commercial interests and lingering racial prejudices of the diversified and far-spreading constituencies of the Dominion, possibly indeed causing resentment by the very dexterity of his prestidigitation, and still more by its occasional slips. Of the latter a damaging instance was forthcoming in the course of the recent campaign in Sir Wilfrid's impetuous warning to the manufacturers that resistance to the Reciprocity arrangement could only have the effect of spurring the agriculturists on to greater efforts against Protection, which might then have

to be abandoned, despite the willingness of the Liberal Government to maintain it at a reasonable level. Construed and resented as a scarcely-veiled threat, this unusually maladroit example of the balancing art brought about much mischief to the Ministerial cause, more particularly in the great province of Ontario.

At the same time, it is absurd to represent the defeat of the Laurier Government, as some have been doing, as due to a sudden and universal revulsion of feeling set in motion by a single cause. For years before the decisive event, the signs had been multiplying of an eventual reaction. Manitoba, which would like to control its own land settlement, had remained obstinately hostile since 1900. In 1903 British Columbia, which has seen its stringent Immigration Act disallowed year after year by the Dominion Government, went Conservative, and is now completely of that political color. Ontario had been Conservative since 1905, and, swayed by the influence of Sir James Whitney, who is perhaps the most Imperialist of the Provincial Prime Ministers, has now given an emphasised Conservative vote. To complete the tale of prefatory warnings, New Brunswick swung over to Conservatism in 1908—portents all clearly pointing to the inference that successive movements of opinion of this sort, although slow, were destined to be singularly far-reaching. More recently came certain charges of corruption against one or two members of the Government, charges still under discussion at the dissolution; then, the defection of a number of prominent Liberals; and, finally, the bitter anti-Liberal, not to say anti-British, turn given by Mr. Bourassa to his so-called Nationalist movement. On the whole, this curious manifestation of the racial spirit failed to diminish Sir Wilfrid Laurier's popularity with the people of his own race. Quebec was held, and this despite the Bourassa campaign, which, for the rest, leaves its leader as far as before from holding the coveted key of the political situation. Possibly he may be consoled by the reflection that, in combination with the other influences on which we have touched, his anti-Imperialist crusade must have lent material, if indirect, aid to the cause of ultra-Imperialism.

What of the future? Firmly enthroned on the basis of an independent majority, Mr. Borden, we imagine, should find no difficulty in carrying on his administration for the next five years. After all, the difference between himself and Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the Navy question—a difference to which Mr. Bourassa seems to have attached an exaggerated importance—is one merely of words, or rather not even of words, but only of shades of verbal emphasis. In any case the Dominion Naval Act of last year virtually settled the controversy, and we may be sure that the new Ministry will not seek to re-open it, least of all at Mr. Bourassa's bidding. Fiscal and tariff possibilities open a larger and more perplexing vista of speculation. We see it suggested that Mr. Borden may manipulate the British preference in the interests of the British Tariff Reformers, but the better-informed opinion seems to be that in order to strengthen his hold on Manitoba and the West, he will rather seek in this respect a cautious development of the Laurier policy. On the other hand, it is not improbable that America may now be driven to

the course of throwing open to the world at large the particular markets in which she had contemplated special privileges for Canada—by a general reduction, that is to say, in her tariff on raw materials and agricultural products. From the point of view of "the old Imperialism" this would clearly be a less invidious arrangement than a method which might have the effect of excluding the Mother Country from concessions extended to one of her Colonies.

Life and Letters.

THE FAILURE OF ARABI.

THE hand of chance has staged the death of Arabi Pasha with a certain gloomy fitness. The newspapers which tell of his end report at once the final doom of Morocco, and the first threats of the absorption of Tripoli. From the Red Sea to the Atlantic, if that threat is fulfilled, the Arabic Dominion has had its day, and the last of the kingdoms of faith and violence which have held these coasts for their fragile and decaying civilisation will have sunk into the sand. The name of Achmet Arabi recalls the one brief struggle of Egypt for a national existence, and his death fitly marks the calendar on the day which sees the fall of the Moorish Empire of the West. The span of a generation has seen this tremendous change, and the obscure end of the man who was once the hero of Islam comes, as it were, to remind Arabian Africa to-day how vain is any struggle against the forces which confront it. He has taken to the grave a name which had lost its meaning for friends and foes alike. The younger generation in Egypt thought of him only as a soldier whose incapacity and lack of courage had robbed the struggle which he led of the last glory of a hopeless cause. It does not rank even among the forlorn hopes which are an inspiration. The native patriots of to-day curl their lips in scorn when they speak of him, and the masters of Egypt, with a contemptuous mercy, had ranked him at last among the vanquished who may be safely pardoned. He died in peace, a forgotten maker of history, content to end his days, a pardoned rebel, in the land for which he sought to win a place among the nations. History will tell of the last stand of the desert dervishes, incapable of Empire, incapable of defeat. That last scene, when the vanquished Mahdi's Emirs knelt down upon the sands to spread their prayer-carpet in face of a British volley, will live to dignify failure with an immortal memory of courage. There was no such page as that in the chronicles of the Egyptian struggle. Egypt breeds workers, but she makes no heroes.

Of a soldier who has been defeated, history will often make a favorite. A rebel who has been pardoned surrenders his claim on the imagination. Yet there was much in the personality and career of Arabi Pasha which entitles him to sympathy and respect. He was an indifferent soldier and a simple-minded politician, but he stood none the less for the audacious resurrection of a race which had been content since the days of the Ptolemies to till the fields and obey the lash with hardly an ambition to rise from its degradation. The official world in Downing Street saw in him only the mutinous soldier who had defied his Khedive. The City thought of him as the barbarian who threatened civilisation as embodied in the bond-holder's confines. He was in Egypt, before all else, the fellah of pure native descent, who had dared to aspire to leadership and had successfully challenged the ascendancy of the conquering Turkish families. His masterful rise to power was a portent which would have had its parallel in English history if Wat Tyler had raised himself to the command of a Plantagenet army. The government was the monopoly of the Turkish families who were in Egypt what the Normans were in England. He was, by his

birth, of necessity a man of the people, and he challenged by his origin the reaction which found its citadel in an alien court. How much at first he realised of the significance which his movement came to acquire is a question to which no impartial biographer has addressed himself. He was a man of limited education, who acquired his political ideas as the situation developed which chance and fortune had called him to control. It was a professional grievance which made him a mutineer. The Anglo-French control which was administering Egypt as a bankrupt estate, mortgaged to the bondholders, had loaded the backs of the peasants without resistance. Even when it collected the taxes before they fell due, to provide the wherewithal to pay the coupon, the fellaheen could only curse in their impotence as they sold their crops while the seed was hardly in the ground; but when it compelled the Khedive to cashier some thousands of officers to whom long arrears of pay were due, it challenged a power which could defend itself. The army, stimulated by this wrong, became under its fellah leader the organ of a national revolt against Khedivial despotism and foreign exploitation. Arabi, though he had risen from the ranks by the punctual discharge of regimental duties, had no military talent, and showed in the end some deficiency of physical courage. But at this crisis, when the destinies of the Egyptian nation required a leader who would take risks and break the long spell of passivity and resignation, he displayed a moral courage which amounted to genius. A Latin soldier who heads a revolution may be the slave of habit and tradition. A fellah who dared to march his troops on the palace and extort from his Khedive a constitutional charter at the bayonet's point, flung aside in that act the inertia of his race, the paralysis of the East, and the discipline of a religion of obedience.

To us who have seen the parallel mutiny of the young Turkish officers hailed without hesitation as a Liberal movement, it is hard to understand how the England of Gladstone could view this adventure of Arabi's with uncomprehending hostility. The Blue Books of the day report the grudging yet honest admissions of the very agents whom our diplomacy employed to thwart this Egyptian renaissance. They did not attempt to conceal that it was not merely a Nationalist, but a Liberal awakening. Gladstone would see in it nothing but a soldier's mutiny. The passions and the prejudices of the Bulgarian agitation were still too fresh for a kindly judgment of any Moslem agitation. Gladstone shared the general conviction of his day that Islam was incapable of reform. He had regarded Midhat and the pioneer young Turks with equal coldness and suspicion, and it was left to the Positivists to argue for tolerance and sympathy for these Moslem Liberals. It is easy to-day in the light of fuller knowledge to deplore the tragedy of misunderstanding which ruined a promising experiment. Arabi was the soldier of an enlightenment which had begun to transform the thinking even of the *literati* of the Azhar University. Its pioneer was that romantic wanderer, Djemal-ed-din Afghani, whose life was to end after many exiles and banishments in rousing the first strivings of the Persian revolution. He preached to the inert conservatism of the Moslem world of that day the need for a total revision of its outlook, the absorption of Western learning, and the re-interpretation of the Koran. He had for his disciple the sage and studious Mohamed Abdou, who taught at once a new theology and a political liberalism. The English occupation meant for them both banishment and the temporary destruction of their school. Lord Cromer leaned at first on the Turkish reactionaries who had opposed the whole national awakening, but in the later years of his consulship, when one by one the exiles had been allowed to return, a eulogy of Mohamed Abdou was a standing feature of his annual reports. It was as a movement which had its profound roots in this intellectual awakening that Arabi's "mutiny" ought to have been judged. Downing Street, however, knew nothing of the heaven which was working in this dim under-world, and if public opinion had guessed that a new idea was stirring in Moslem minds, it would have classed it only as a new phase of fanaticism.

It is a tempting exercise of the imagination to speculate on what might have happened in Egypt if this and the other accident had been averted. If Abdul Hamid, bent on destroying what was left of the Young Turkey movement, had used, as an enlightened Sultan would have done, the opportunities of intervention which the Concert thrust upon him, the history of the East, and indeed of Europe, must have followed a very different course. If Arabi's enemies had bethought themselves of any expedient to ruin him less fatal than the stirring up of massacre in Alexandria, it is probable that a Liberal Government, fresh from a classical campaign against Imperialism, must have shrunk from the responsibility of occupation. If Arabi himself had but possessed the little knowledge of his own military impotence which travel or education would have taught him, the folly of his inglorious resistance might have been spared to Egypt. But such accidents as these are in reality the essence of such a situation. The Egyptians invited their fate by these follies and crimes, and paid by the chance of the last hour the long-delayed penalty for centuries of corruption and mis-government. The strange mixture of daring and cowardice, of ignorance and enlightenment which was Arabi, summed up their incapacity to meet the crisis which European finance had prepared. Had Arabi been a little wiser, we might have had to rewrite the annals of a generation. There would not have come the coldness between Britain and France which made for twenty years the climate of the Continent; we should not have lost in Turkey the influence which Germany gained; the Dual Alliance would not have been inevitable, and British Liberalism, forced to uphold our position on the Nile, need never have given to the continuity of foreign policy the interpretation which governs us to-day. But Arabi was what all the centuries of Egyptian history had made him. In the web of destiny no thread can run alone. For the lack of a little learning and honesty in Cairo, the politics of Western Europe followed a distorted pattern.

THE ECONOMIC BASIS.

Few of us realise the scale on which economic forces have from the first been at work in history, or the part played by them in every great movement of men. This part, indeed, is not exclusive; nor is it invariably the economic aspect of the question at issue which presents itself most prominently to the mind. One may recall Lotze's dictum with regard to the function of mechanism in the universe—that it is absolutely universal, but absolutely subordinate. How little connection, for instance, the economic factor appears to have with religion! And certainly in the higher forms of religion it is raised to another and almost unrecognisable level, as passion is in love. In the lower it is discerned more easily, being nearer the surface: but, recognisable or unrecognisable, it is always there. The Reformation would have been still-born had it not been for the economic problems of the sixteenth century; the Revolution brought about the religious reaction of the nineteenth. How much of the medieval pietism of our own generation is due to the sordid fear entertained by the comfortable classes that social reform may diminish their comforts! Hence their "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*." It was among people of this type that big talk about shooting was heard during the recent strikes. One noticed that those who spoke most loudly of it were, for the most part, podgy men of feeble physique and small stature, more familiar with teacups than with guns. And it was with a certain satisfaction that one reminded them that the balance of physical force was on the other side.

If the economic factor, when disguised, is so powerful a factor in society, what will it be when it is avowed and patent? Will not its operation be at once more rapid and more complete? It can scarcely be doubted that this is so: the Labor unrest all over Europe is a symptom which no prudent man can disregard. It has little connection with political parties; the assumption that the Labor vote would be a permanent asset of the Liberal party has not been realised. It has nothing to do

with forms of Government; it is more acute in France and the United States than in Germany and England. Nor is it most felt where the standard of life is lowest. One of its conditions, it seems, is a certain level of intelligence among those affected by it; and this presupposes, if not a high material standard, one which must be pronounced relatively high. The French peasantry under Louis XVI. were by no means the most miserable in Europe, Arthur Young tells us; but it was in France that the earthquake came.

The central fact of the situation is this:—that the only sufficient reason for the existing, or any other, social order is that it is believed to work on the whole, and, with all its shortcomings (some of which may be in a measure inevitable), for the greater good of the community at large; and to supply a better basis to build on than any other possible system. When this belief is weakened, the social order is imperilled; if it were overthrown, the social order would not be, and ought not to be, worth a week's purchase; its foundation would be gone. That this belief has been weakened during the last fifty years is undoubted. The best proof of this is the amount of apologetic current on the subject. As religious apologetic indicates religious doubt, so social apologetic indicates social uncertainty: people do not apologise for what is unhesitatingly received. This obvious consideration rules out of court the common objection to social reform—that it is revolutionary. This is beside the point. The question is: Is it on the lines of the human movement? The most inevitable and the most far-reaching revolutions are those which come about in the nature of things.

The dream of the equality of men is one which comes through the gate of ivory. It is right that citizens, as such, should be equal before the law; and that the artificial restraints which in the past stood in the way of their making the best of their lives should have been removed. But, in the proper meaning of the word, men are not equal: they have never been, and they will never be. So that the attempt to deal with them as if they were comes to shipwreck on fact. It is impossible even to conceive a social system in which differences of strength, of ability, of character, will not manifest themselves; Nature differentiates the vigorous from the weakling, the worthy from the wastrel, the intelligent from the fool. The intervention of law can be no more than negative: it is limited to insistence on certain minimum standards, and to the protection of the weaker members of the community—mainly against themselves. This is all that can be done by regulation and enactment. Society, like human nature, is improvable, but only within fixed limits: a pint measure will not hold more than a pint. It need not, however, and should not, hold less. There is nothing in the nature of things to stereotype our modern industrial society—with its artificial finance, its unrestricted law of inheritance, its glaring contrasts, the unhuman lives to which it condemns great masses of the population. These things are comparatively new; they have increased rapidly of late years; and it is impossible to think that a system of which they are conditions can be lasting. Its foundations are undermined: it is only to those who shut their eyes that it appears solid. "You may fool some of the people all the time," said Lincoln, "and you may fool all the people some of the time. But you can't fool all the people all the time." They are many; those who profit by, or even exist in tolerable comfort under, the existing order are few. And the longer the settlement is postponed, the less, when it comes, will it be to the advantage of the less numerous class. "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him," is not only Scripture, but sense.

Consider a few of the broad facts of the railway question which has been so lately before us. Over 100,000 of our railway servants are paid less than £1 a week; only about eleven per cent. receive over 30s., and this for a day often of more than fourteen hours. It would be unjust to put the blame for this on the railway proprietors. The dividends paid by English railway stock are small; the companies have hampered themselves in the past by paying fancy prices for land,

by competition, by extravagant law expenses, by speculation, by bad finance. The present generation of stockholders are the victims of the folly of their predecessors; it is the system, not the men, that is in fault. And the system is conditioned by other economic abuses. The reason why the companies are able to get labor on such terms is the low rate of wages in certain agricultural districts, where, to men accustomed to 10s. a week, 17s. seems riches, till they discover that the value of wages is estimated by their purchasing power, not by their amount. In North Norfolk, after the harvest is over, men are employed on piece-work at sevenpence for a day of fourteen hours; in Bermondsey from 4s. to 6s. a week is a common wage for women-workers. Can we wonder at the unrest in the labor-world? It is at its endurance of such conditions that we should wonder. The prosperity of the country has advanced steadily; that of the workers, though it has advanced, has not advanced in anything like the same ratio. Is it surprising that they feel that they are not receiving a due proportion of the wealth which could not be created without them, and that the best public opinion, without distinction of party, is on their side?

"When he stands, like an ox in the furrow, with his sullen set eyes on your own,
And grumbles, 'This isn't fair dealing,' my son, leave the Saxon alone."

When so sober an organ as the "Spectator," and so strong a party paper as the "Observer," take the line that they have taken, the most moderate must feel that the situation is grave.

We need not argue here either for or against the particular remedies which have been proposed—the nationalisation of certain forms of property, such as mines and railways; or the municipalisation of certain trades. How far this or that measure is possible or desirable is a question with which experts and experience will deal. But the general principles of society are not open to question. And on these two things may be said:

(1) It may be asserted with confidence that the negative conception of liberty so common in this country will be replaced by one more positive. That a man shall not be restrained from doing as he pleases with what he calls his own; that, regardless of the consequences to others, he shall buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest; that, under the pretext of free contract, he shall take advantage of the weakness of the weak, and the necessity of the necessitous—no reasonable person can think these things other than intolerable. They came in by a side wind; and have been endured only because it was not clear how they could be held in check under a social system which was taken for granted. The scale on which they have developed has convinced us that no social system can be taken for granted; and that, if the excision of these evil growths involves the downfall of the existing social system—we do not say that it is so, it is a question for economists; but if it is so, this system must go. We need not be afraid of the disappearance of society. This was before industrial civilisation was, and will remain after it. For it is founded not on this or that particular social order, but on the nature of men and things.

(2) The most perfect machinery requires an intelligence to direct it; there must be a man behind the machine. Of the three great watchwords of modern Democracy—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—the last is the most vital. "Sirs, ye are brethren!" The antagonism between class and class, of which we hear too much, exists only in the minds of foolish and mischievous people: it is for thought—thought misconceived and misdirected—not in things. The parable with which the shrewd Roman statesman met civil strife is reproduced by the Christian apostle: "All the members of the body, being many, are one body." So, the one reminds us, is the commonwealth; so, argues the other, is Christ. "Nay, much rather those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary": it is on the men and women who live nearest the soil that the State, in the last resort, rests.

We may believe that the practical wisdom, the moderation, and the religious sense of our people at large will recognise this; and that the violent upheavals by which social reform is so often attended among the Latin and Celtic peoples will be avoided here. We carry out our revolutions by Act of Parliament. We distrust theory—perhaps too much; and, remembering the connection between great wits and madness, we are suspicious of genius. More than any other nation we embody that *opinion moyenne* upon which societies, civil and religious, rest. Superior advantages will always ensure their possessors a favorable start in the race of life: with this law of nature it is impossible—and, were it possible, it would be undesirable—to interfere. But that competition shall be moralised, life humanised, society civilised—this is at once just and inevitable. The attempt to retard the process is futile. So only can the community prosper; so only can the foundations on which the social fabric is built be strong.

THE GUARDIANSHIP OF THE DEAD.

"He labored for China during half-a-century, and his assistance was of great value. We extremely deplore his death, and, as a special honor, to display our exceptional favor, we award Sir Robert Hart the brevet rank of Senior Guardian to the Heir-Apparent, and also promote his son." So runs the Chinese Imperial Edict issued in response to a memorial from the Chinese Controllers of Customs. Sir Robert Hart, having sacrificed everything for the country of his adoption, having more than trebled the Imperial revenue from the Customs, is now honored by the offer of a new career of service. His ghost is to be Senior Guardian to the Heir-Apparent of China.

The sophisticated Englishman smiles. What sort of mummery is this? What sort of hypocrisy masquerading as barbarous idolatry? Is it possible that in these days of enlightenment the Government of China can be so plunged in ancient darkness as to exhibit its superstitions thus conspicuously to the eyes of Englishmen?

Let the Englishman who thus smiles take a walk from Farnham along the Hog's Back, deviating at times from the main road to follow a grassy track deeply rutted by ancient cart-wheels. Let him cross the valley at Guildford and pick up this lonely track which winds for miles among the woods at the top of the Downs, and may still be traced almost to Canterbury. On this road crowds of pilgrims from all parts of the Western world thronged on their way to Canterbury, to pay honor to Thomas à Becket, the man who, like Sir Robert Hart, rendered assistance "of great value," and, for the good of the country, was ill-treated at the end. Or, to come nearer to our own time, let him remember how one of the great poets of the nineteenth century who recently died, was refused the honor of burial in Westminster Abbey, the guardians of the Abbey thus showing in what manner the Church esteems the personal merits of the dead. In both cases we may see the same essential spirit, whether it is illustrated in the canonising of our saints or the de-canonising of our poets.

We do not mean that the formal act by which a dead man was officially enrolled among the saints, or by which to-day he is honored in the erection of a statue in some sacred precinct, has precisely the same implication as this Chinese Imperial edict. In Christendom, according to the official view, the souls of the pious are far removed from the scenes of their earthly labors, and transferred to a happier clime; and it is only by an exceptional favor that the saint is allowed to return to earth to confer benefits on mankind. It is true, early Christianity has always given the sanction of religion to much that was pagan in origin. It granted that men could be blessed by angels or afflicted by demons, and many a deity whom the pagans had propitiated the priests were compelled to exorcise. But this concession to the paganism of public opinion is very different from the belief so widely held in both China and Japan that the dead are always with us. The Japanese Buddhist priest, Ekai Kawaguchi, travelling in Tibet, mentions

with approval the recognition of quasi-human gods, wholly distinct from the Buddha who "is all love." They recognise, he says, "the existence of deities subject to the emotions of anger, and ready to punish those that offend them." Lafcadio Hearn, writing of Shintoism, is very definite on this point. "That every impulse or act of man is the work of a god, and that all the dead become gods, are the basic ideas of the cult. . . . To Japanese thought, the dead are not less real than the living. They take part in the daily life of the people, sharing the humblest sorrows and the humblest joys. They attend the family repasts, watch over the well-being of the household, assist and rejoice in the prosperity of their descendants. They are present at the public pageants, at all the sacred festivals of Shinto, at the military games, and at all the entertainments especially provided for them, and they are universally thought of as finding pleasure in the offerings made to them, or the honors conferred upon them." The feeling towards the dead "is a feeling of grateful and reverential love. It is probably the most profound and powerful of the emotions of the race—that which especially directs national life, and shapes national character. Patriotism belongs to it. Filial piety depends upon it. Family love is rooted in it. Loyalty is based upon it." Thus it is that both in China and Japan it is the most natural thing that honors should be conferred upon the illustrious dead. "His Majesty has been pleased to posthumously confer the Second Class of the Order of the Rising Sun upon Major-General Baron Yamane, who lately died in Formosa." When the honor is bestowed, it is taken for granted that the ghost of the deceased is capable of being pleased or displeased; and just as he may to some extent be benefited or harmed, so he, in his turn, has the power to bring good or evil into the lives of men.

The soul of the dead man which thus moves among the living is not an angel or a demon. He still has the mixed human attributes, the individual characteristics which distinguished him in life. Sir Robert Hart, in spite of the benefits which he had conferred upon China, was treated during the last ten years of his life with signal ingratitude. Peking critics point out that in the Imperial preamble more stress is laid on the honors conferred, which are exceptionally high, than upon the services rendered. But we may take it as a good augury for China that the Heir-Apparent should be trusted to the Senior Guardianship of so efficient and disinterested a ghost as that of Sir Robert Hart. If the Imperial advisers did not regard the late Inspector-General of Customs with personal favor, at least they so far admire his merits as to wish that the future Emperor should share them.

In modern England worship is given less to the dead than to posterity. History for us is "past politics." The dead are a memory, or, at most, those tangible results which they have left to us. Our ideals lie in the future, for men unborn to realise. We live in expectation of some better thing than the past has conferred. This is because our progress is, for the most part, a material or scientific progress. We admit that we have no saints so good as St. Francis, but we have far abler exponents of charity organisation. We have not a scientist so remarkable as Galileo, but we are more skilful with aeroplanes. The Chinese have little liking for aeroplanes, and none whatever for charity organisation. But Confucius is still real to them, and they profoundly respect a Bôdhisattvic mind.

Western progress accords little with honor to the dead. The more we vaunt our respect for the dead in the modern fashion of statues unveiled and centenaries celebrated, the more hollow we show our worship to be. What more ridiculous than the usual centenary or bicentenary ceremony by means of which dabbles in history display their erudition! Even our Shakespeare National Theatre threatens to become rather a scramble for new theatrical honors than an honor to Shakespeare. We recently had a new edition of Thackeray's Works—a centenary edition—in which a modern artist who furnished illustrations explained why Thackeray was so bad an illustrator. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* has been accepted as a proverb precisely because it is no more

than a cant. Our active men do not worship the dead; they scarcely even think highly of them—they patronise them and occasionally quote them. They worship mainly that which the future may bring forth. It is significant of the difference between the West and the Far East that the latter, in accepting the evolutionary doctrine of heredity, uses it as an argument for honoring ancestors; we, in the name of Eugenics, use it as an argument for benefiting our children.

It seems clear at the first glance that we are on the winning side. It is necessary that an age which is changing as rapidly as ours is changing, should believe in itself and its capacity to shape the future. But even here, in the West, the mass of mankind, being far behind the van of progress, have a lurking affection for their dead. They do not go very willingly with Sir Oliver Lodge and the Psychical Research Society; but their Pilgrims' Way is still populous, and their sleep is still ridden with spectres. The Pagan relics still take on flesh and blood in the countryside and the home, and libation is poured in spirit if not in deed to propitiate the dead. But even those, the backward mass of mankind, do not conceal a smile when they hear that Sir Robert Hart has been awarded the brevet rank of Senior Guardian to the Heir-Apparent.

THE PERFECT DAY.

A BRILLIANT summer has been running towards its close; a week of cold and wet shut down on its golden train like the very hatches of winter, and then the grey time lifted, and behold here are other summer days over and above what we thought had been our due. Surely one of these days, this very day, must be, by combined intrinsic and extrinsic merit, the best day of the whole year. In August we had wonderful days, but they were announced and, as it were, fore-advertised as such. There was no room for surprise—the sweetest of all the handmaidens of delight. The day of a gentle breeze in the midst of a broiling week was certainly a great success in its way, but it was thought that the self-same breeze was blowing up rain. There were other days that would have been completely good if it had not been for flies on our woodland walk, or wasps at tea-time, or mosquitoes in the evening. On the whole, June was better than August, but then the evenings of June were so much more delightful than the days. There were days in early spring of amazing tenderness, and they were sandwiched between blizzards and frosts (as our most precious autumn days are), but in spring we were on a rapid crescendo, and we looked forward with impatience to daily greater wonders. Now we are going diminuendo, and every sweet note that may be the last, or, at any rate, the last but one, is of extraordinary value.

Autumn sunshine is entirely welcome, and we like to see it take every freedom of the welcome guest. It shines across the stage, and not down from the zenith all day long, slanting under the trees, though it could pierce through their thinning foliage, throwing gold along the stubbles, and warming the green velvet of the meadows as no vertical sun can do. Now, for the first time since April, rainbow hues chase one another along the backs of starlings wading in the grass, and now the myriad threads of the gossamer run and sparkle with beads of iridescence. The burning leaves of the trees—yellow elm, crimson dogwood, smouldering oak—could no more show their full colors under a vertical sun than under a midnight sky.

We must have a canvas also to show up the particular glories of September. There is a thickness of the air born of the calm of autumn, a blueness of the hills at closer range than before, a more intimate "middle distance," a texture in the picture that the steely days of July could not give. Nose, ear, and skin acknowledge it. There is a sense of perfect environment. We are not only in the day, but of it. We have climbed to this fruitage through the perils of spring and the rather hard massage of summer. Now we rest and enjoy, and the

enjoyment is sweetened by the fact that it is certain to be short.

A fat garden spider sits in its web across the Michaelmas daisies. We are not tender-hearted enough to-day to begrudge it the fat flies (for surely even the flies must be fat) that lie shrouded in its larder. They are spared another cold night, and the day of the spider is not much longer. The stoats are fat that eat rabbits fattened on fat apples, and the hawks grow fat on the easy catching of fat and superfluous birds. It is far more important to gather our apples than our rosebuds, while we may.

Every blossom counts now. The purple magnificence of summer has gone, and spring is recalled by the pale yellow hawkweeds in the grass. Prunella and campion, silver-weed and bugle, dandelion and dead-nettle only appear as survivals and freaks, but the whole crop of ivy bloom is now, and the bees that had actually gone into winter quarters are out and busy at a regular honey-flow. Here is the whole insect revelry of autumn: Bluebottles, hawk-flies, and lesser diptera for liveliness, wasps for insatiate industry of destruction, and butterflies for glorious indolence. There are peacocks and red admirals. It will not be their last day, even if winter come in to-morrow. They have made arrangements to stay the night, and will be seen again on a sunny day in February.

Better than blossom, we have the berries and other fruit that are the ultimate justification of all blossom. The may lives again in the rich coral of the haws which make some of the hedges veins of crimson drawn through the landscape. Roses of June have given place to still brighter hips which, in turn, are many tones below the juicy berries of the wild guelder rose. The thrushes are stripping the black-purple elder-berries from their umbels. The still, golden air of it all brings back the memory of many a day just like this, till it seems that it must be the supreme day of the year. Here we were once stricken with the harvest fever and on these very bushes attempted to reap the thrushes themselves, setting nooses artfully before the bunches, happily with complete unsucccess. There are better memories of the bags, almost sacks, of nuts we accumulated till we thought that our fortune was made, of the ripe black sloes that we still insist on regarding as treasures, and the crab apples good for vinegar.

The acorns are the prime surprise of the year. So far from having seen a blossom for each fruit, we scarcely knew that the oaks had blossomed at all. The trees are shining with a crop that seems to outnumber the leaves. The long bank is sprinkled with oaks a few hundred yards distant from each other. The nearer ones show the acorns as myriads of sparkling points, further ones can only show the green fruit in clusters, but we have to look very far before we lose evidence that the crop is universally heavy. A few wood pigeons have selected one of the trees for a gambol rather than a banquet, for they do not feed heavily on acorns with us. A chiff-chaff searches the coralled hawthorn, anticipating his feast of next spring by gobbling the potential mother of a thousand caterpillars. A few large birds that might be missel-thrushes pass high overhead; a throaty, musical call from one of them proclaims him a fieldfare. The summer birds and the winter birds are both with us for a short time at this full season of autumn. Thousands of swallows and martins have congregated on the telegraph wires at a particular spot in the village that they always make their assembly ground for the autumn migration. They seem to be waiting for the martins that are still rearing young, and so impatient are they that we have seen four or five birds feeding the brood of a single nest. To-day the band is loose. Winter must have been a false alarm, and summer has surely come back again. The swallows are skimming everywhere among the oaks, adding the sheen of their glancing bodies to the dancing gossamer, the glow of cornel, and the shimmer on acorns and berries.

The summer of this unusual year has burnt itself out so quickly that we have autumn before its time. Summer and autumn are on the stage together, and even spring seems inclined to take a hand. The mist and dew fly before the sun, and the stillness of an autumn morning

turns to "a blue and breezy noon." The grass has broken from a prison of fire as joyously as from a prison of ice. Though it is not so green as in former years, it is so freshly green as to make the cattle gambol as they do in spring. A lark sends down his song from the blue. Surely summer wins. But the orchard is full of blood-red apples—hoist in glowing tiers and tumbled in heaps of wealth. Yes, it is indeed autumn that has given us this perfect day.

Pictures of Travel.

FERNEY AND MEILLERIE.

I.

THE Lake of Geneva, though the largest, is not as a whole the grandest or the most beautiful of the fan-like series of lakes which, from Constance to Garda, mark the opening-out of the great Alpine valleys into the German, Swiss, or Lombard plain. For sheer landscape quality, Lucerne and Como are far more than its match. Quite fifty of its hundred miles of shore are of less interest to the mountaineering tourist than those of the Chiem See or the Lake of Neuchâtel. But no other is so charged with expression for the historic imagination. In the energy and significance of the intellectual and moral forces which have contended on its borders, in the number of the famous men and women who found an arena, a home, or a last refuge, by its side; in the quality, above all, by which scenery enters as a creative force into the evolution of spirit, and becomes not merely a background, but a source of the larger vision and the fuller life—in these things Geneva has no rival. Even the Garda Lake, which offers so many curious analogies, cannot compare with it here. Both stand at the gate of a great Alpine highway. The waters of both flow through upper reaches of wild and solemn beauty, encompassed by great mountains, into wide basins between tranquil and smiling shores, till they finally thrid the bridges of a beautiful and famous city. But the Brenner, lowest and easiest of Alpine passes, has counted for less in European history than the Great St. Bernard, over which the Cimbric hosts poured into the Val d'Aosta; which Napoleon, just 1,900 years later, forced in the amazing five days' march that culminated in Marengo; and where the great Hospice has stood for three centuries, a stronghold of help and pity, among the snows. And Verona, the city of Catullus, the Florence of the Venetian State, has struck less deep, with all its ravishing beauty, into the mind and imagination of Europe, than Geneva, the Protestant Rome, the city of Calvin, the city of Rousseau. How silent and forgotten are the sinister tragedies of passion and crime enacted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the castles and palaces that fringe the Garda Lake, compared with the single tragedy of the prisoner of Chillon, made resonant, almost *banale*, by a single sonnet of Byron! And even the enchantment which a few wonderful verses of Catullus have communicated to the very name of Sirmio cannot be compared for dynamic and fertilising power, with the few pages of the "Nouvelle Héloïse," the few score stanzas of "Childe Harold," which made Leman a sort of *point de repère* for the floating romantic visions of two generations. And Rousseau and Byron strike only one note, the most impassioned and eloquent no doubt, in the rich and complex chords which that name sets stirring in the historic memory. If the romantic age, the age of imagination and wonder, was in some sense actually born and cradled among its mountains, the age of sovereign intelligence and dazzling wit found a final retreat in a pleasant country-house among its cultivated woods and fields—the seigneurial mansion in which Voltaire spent the last twenty years of his long life.

II.

The century and a quarter which has passed since the patriarch of Ferney set forth to make his triumphal entry, in grey old age, into Paris, has left few striking

traces in his famous home. The modern visitor can, if he chooses, cover the four miles of gradual ascent from Geneva in an electric car; but no strident innovation disturbs the familiar features of an undistinguished, even a little slatternly, French village street; and the winding lane leading to the château brings us, in a short half-mile, face to face with the façade of the eighteenth-century mansion, seen across gay flower-beds and the shadows of spreading trees.

The Voltaire whom Ferney remembers and honors is neither the deist nor the sceptic, but the large-hearted and open-handed seigneur and "patriarch"; the keen-witted, earthly Providence who intervened in famine or in the slack times, dispensing food, building houses, creating industries. It is this Voltaire whose memory inspired the pedestal of the statue set up in front of the little Mairie. We say the pedestal; for in the statue itself the great mocker reigns supreme, the "witty Frenchman" of devout anathema, in all his wicked fascination, the Mephistophelean master of negation whom Carlyle in "Sartor" so imperiously enjoined to "close thy sweet mouth, for the task assigned to thee seems finished." Whereas the inscription on the pedestal is an almost impassioned eulogy of the quite different but no less real Voltaire who constructed and created, who invented and built and fed; the Voltaire who, under the Mephistophelean mask, had in him something of Faust, and something of Goethe—the energetic, humane Faust of the end of the Second Part, whose relief of the stricken countryside finally redeems him from the fatal pact.

But there was another activity into which the wit and genius of Voltaire flowed with yet keener zest, and which excited more trembling and illicit joys in the neighboring population. In a large room at the back of the house he contrived a theatre. The natural satisfaction of a dramatist in seeing his own plays performed was here allied with the fervor of an apostle of the stage as a school of refinement and humanity. This was a favorite doctrine of the whole Encyclopédiste group; but one more sharply counter to the persuasions and the laws of the Calvinist city four miles away could not be conceived. Like the London theatres of Shakespeare's time, that of Ferney enjoyed the advantage of being situated at the gates of a populous city, but beyond its magistrates' control. At Les Délices, the mansion close to Geneva, and within its territory, which Voltaire occupied in 1754, he was visited by the great Parisian actor, Lekain. Merely to harbor a "play-actor" at the very gates of Geneva was sufficiently piquant; but Voltaire went further, and immediately organized a dramatic entertainment, to which, with characteristic audacity and huge inward gusto, he invited the whole governing body of the Puritan city. "We will lodge him in a gallery, and he shall declaim verse to the children of Calvin." Afterwards he wrote: "We made almost the entire Council of Geneva shed tears. Most of these gentlemen came to my Délices; we took to playing 'Zaire.' I never saw more tears shed; never were Calvinists so moved." This did not prevent the Council, on recovering their equilibrium, from calling their host's attention to the fact that dramatic performances, public or private, were illegal, and could not be permitted. At his Lausanne home, some three years later (1757), it was illiteracy rather than fanaticism that he encountered. "Eh, que diantre, M. de Voltaire, vous faites toujours de vers?" asked one of the *baillis* of Berne, then lords of the pays de Vaud; "à quoi bon, je vous prie? Cela ne mène à rien. Avec votre talent, vous pourriez devenir quelque chose. Moi, vous voyez, je suis bailli!" And the friendly *bailli* of Lausanne gave Voltaire a well-meant private warning of the consequences of offending these high personages. "M. de Voltaire! M. de Voltaire! on dit que vous avez écrit contre le bon Dieu. That is bad, but I trust He will forgive you. M. de Voltaire! They say you have written against Christ. That is bad, very bad; but I hope in His mercy He will pardon you. M. de Voltaire! take care you do not write against their Excellencies, our sovereign masters, for they would never forgive you!" Meanwhile, the cultured society of Lausanne crowded to the

Salle in the Rue du Grand Chêne where Voltaire had set up his private stage; among the rest, young Edward Gibbon, then a boy of twenty, being weaned from the errors of Rome under the tutelage of M. Pavillard.

III.

So long as it had to contend only with such antagonists as the naïve *baillis* of Berne, or the fanatical preachers of Geneva, the cause of art, of civil culture, of wit and letters, championed by Voltaire, was bound in the end to triumph. But a voice immeasurably more potent than theirs had already been lifted up in eloquent and impassioned denunciation of this cause. The spectacle of Rousseau, "citizen of Geneva," decrying art and letters as main corrupters of mankind, in pages which were to be the well-spring of a new literature and a new art, is one of the most curious paradoxes of history. He condemned the art of his time in the name of "Nature." But in discovering the spiritual kingdom of deeper passions and richer sensibilities which he called by that name, he was also at the same time discovering the germ of a richer and deeper Art.

With Voltaire, the arch-apostle of wit and civility, of manners and art, the relations of the fervid preacher of Nature were at once near and distant. They never met; and Voltaire's exquisite personal charm, which disarmed so many bitter opponents when they came to Ferney, was never exercised upon the difficult child of genius whom Mme. d'Epinay called her "bear." But their early intercourse was friendly enough. Voltaire was far too keen a critic not to recognise the originality and beauty of Rousseau's prose, and though he saw in "Emile" merely an insipid romance, there were twenty pages of it—the sermon of the Savoyan Vicaire—which he would have bound in morocco and gold. And when the Parliament of Paris condemned the book to be burnt, and seemed not disinclined to send its author after his book, Voltaire broke out into a paroxysm of indignant pity. "Let him come! Let him come!" he cried over the breakfast-table of Ferney when the news was read; "I will receive him with open arms; he shall be more master here than I!" Yet a deep, impassable gulf of diversity at bottom divided these two master-spirits. From the high terraces of Lausanne, Voltaire could look across, not without pleasure, at the snowy summits of the Savoyan Alps beyond the lake; but the glittering expanse which lay between symbolised the estranging space which severed them. At Lausanne, where the low hills begin to rise into mountains, the domain of Voltaire in effect ended, and that of Rousseau began; the whole temper and genius of the scenery are changed; Ferney, and Prangins, and the Rue du Chêne are not merely remote, but hardly conceivable, at Vevey and Clarens and Meillerie. This is the mountain district, "La Montagne," distinguished in local parlance from "La Campagne," the pleasant country about the western shores; a contrast pointedly emphasised when the "Lettres écrites de la Campagne," in defence of the Genevan administration, provoked the terrible exposure of its many abuses, the "Letters written from the Mountains," by which Rousseau, in 1762, exasperated beyond hope of forgiveness his native city. It was a symbolic and significant auxiliary which he here called in, making the mountains, for the first time in literature, "great allies" in the struggle against human oppression, as Wordsworth with more conscious conviction was to do in the sonnet on Toussaint L'Ouverture, and Shelley in the only less sublime lines to Mont Blanc:—

"Thou hast a voice, great mountain to repeat
Large codes of fraud and woe."

Rousseau's own acquaintance with the "Montagne" of the Genevan Lake, which he was to make his own, and ours, was not in itself intimate. Nor was it early. Like Byron, his great successor, he won his deepest impressions of it from a single voyage of exploration in mature life. He tells us in the "Confessions" (part ii., liv. 8) how during a residence at Geneva in 1754 he found his chief delight in a seven-days' voyage round the lake, with five companions. "I preserved the lively memory of the sites which impressed me at the other end of the

Lake, and which I described, some years later, in the 'Nouvelle Héloïse.' It was with this passage in mind that Byron and Shelley, sixty-two years afterwards, made their similar voyage, the romance open on their knees. The dubious reality of Saint-Preux and Julie, in whom even the kindly Sir Walter declared that he could feel no interest, never received a higher tribute than the enthusiasm of these two great poets, for whom the lovers were apparently quite as actual as Bonnivard or Gibbon, and much more important than Voltaire; and who underwent a hurricane with great complacency because Julie and Saint-Preux had been in peril of their lives near the same spot—the confined upper reach, which the winds sweeping down from the steep Savoyan ravines furrow and convulse, compelling the light skiffs with their wing-like sails to seek shelter in one or other of the quaint little havens which break the rigor of the rock-bound shore, St. Gingolph or Meillerie. The hand of man has not been quite so kind to the memorials of Rousseau as to those of Voltaire. The shrine of Deism at Ferney is untouched; but the monks of Saint-Bernard have cut down Julie's bosquet at Clarens, and Napoleon hewed stone for the Simplon road from the crags of Meillerie—a nefarious alliance of the soldier and the priest, which did not fail of its effect upon the inflammable spirit of Shelley.

But the village itself has little change to show. One or two modest hotels lift a yellow triangle of gable above the dark timber and mouldering tiles and stone, and there is a faint attempt at a promenade, from which rough stone steps lead down into the blue lucidity of the lapping wave. But a few steps further and you plunge into a primeval alley between tall houses, redolent of fish and fishing-nets. Julie and Saint-Preux, we suspect, never discovered this alley, or turned back at its entrance; Shelley and Byron, who fed, at Meillerie, on honey, "the very essence of the mountain-flowers, and as fragrant," betray no recollection of its less ambrosial aromas: it belongs to an earlier stratum of Meillerie's existence, anterior to and underlying its romances. But the romance, so long unsuspected, is no less native; it was discovered, not imposed; and the vesture of mountain glory and mountain mystery which Rousseau first compelled the modern world to see, remains our permanent possession. Yet it is part of the subtle charm of Léman that romance is in it everywhere crossed and complicated with other elements. Through the solemn organ music of the mountain amphitheatre you catch hints of the light badinage of the pastoral flute. The gracious "campagne" dimly described in the western horizon distills the suggestion of its cultivated amenities into the wilder scene near by. And when daylight fades, and you look out from some trellised balcony over the wide expanse of waters, the dissonances subside, and their inner significance takes more secure possession of the mind. You stand indeed at a magic casement, opening on the foam of a perilous sea. But along the further shore thousands of lights are sparkling in the little towns that stretch mile after mile to westward; a paler and more distant illumination in the water reflects the light over Lausanne; and a host of subtle hints to soul and sense remind us that here at least, by the great historic Genevan lake, "faery," though real, is in no way "forlorn," but charged with remembrance and with idea, and vocal to humanity in very many diverse moods and keys.

C. H. HERFORD.

Letters to the Editor.

THE FINANCE OF HOME RULE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I trust Professor Oldham has not been frightened out of his sound views that the safety of Ireland under Home Rule depends on economy by "Administrator's" letter in your issue of September 16th.

Your correspondent has chosen most unhappy examples

from the bloated Civil Service of Ireland to uphold his protest against reductions of expenditure, and, I may add, he has quoted his figures with considerable inaccuracy. Professor Oldham appears to have said that "the expenditure was about double what a normal expenditure in Ireland ought to be." He might have added that it is more than double what it was sixteen years ago in Ireland, or it is to-day in Great Britain, per head of the inhabitants, so it is not necessary to go back to the time of James II. for lower figures, as "Administrator" does. Let me examine his "tests." "Old Age Pensions, costing 2·4 millions a year." "Would Mr. Oldham abolish these?" Not necessarily; but Ireland presents no better field for certain economy. Considering the scale of living, the rate of new pensions might well be reduced. But apart from this, the fall in the population of Ireland after 1841 to nearly half of what it then was, insures a rapid reduction in the cost of this item after a few years. The neglect of the British Parliament to effect any economy in Poor Law expenditure when the new pensions were set up will, no doubt, be one of the first scandals to be put right by an Irish Parliament, and it will find 120 half-empty workhouses ready to be abolished, with other ghastly memorials of the British rule.

Next, "Administrator" takes "the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, which costs £400,000 a year, and the Congested Districts Board absorbs £250,000 more. Will Mr. Oldham interfere with these?" All these figures are quite inaccurate. The Board of Agriculture and Technical Instruction costs little more than half what "Administrator" says. Including the Congested Districts Board, the cost for 1911-12 of the three services is only £426,609, and that figure includes nearly £100,000 for grants to Science and Art and Secondary Schools. Still, even the correct figure opens a wide field for administrative economy. Finally, "Administrator" takes the Land Commission Vote, and says it "takes £400,000 a year." As a matter of fact, for 1911-12, it takes £544,395, and to show how easily and certainly it will fall to half, it is only necessary to say that of this huge sum, £190,000 is for interest and sinking fund of the twelve-million bonus granted by the British Parliament to the landlord garrison, now going or gone, a charge with which Ireland has not and never had anything to do. £75,000 is for loss in floating loans, owing to the blunders of the Treasury, and this also should not fall on Ireland, and £100,000 is for Improvement of Estates, a charge which will gradually disappear. These items alone make good Mr. Oldham's point as regards the Land Commission, but apart from them, its expense should largely decrease as the fixing of rents ends, and purchase is completed. Perhaps the most serious error of "Administrator" is the statement that "the great cost of local government to Ireland is largely due to the Laborers' Cottages Act." This is quite erroneous. No doubt a comparatively small charge is incurred for this purpose, but the Housing Acts have been mainly financed out of a Treasury grant and the loan of cheap money. I, however, can only examine here the particular cases chosen as illustrations, and I hope I have said enough to show that if this is the best case "Administrator" can make against them, economists in Ireland may pursue their task (when they get the chance) in a spirit of hopefulness and with the certainty of reaping a rich harvest.—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS LOUGH.

14, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.
September 28th, 1911.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As an Ulster Liberal and a Protestant, I think it of some importance that English and Scottish Liberals should not be influenced by accounts of such demonstrations as that addressed by Sir Edward Carson at Belfast on Saturday last.

The attempt made by papers like the "Express" and the "Morning Post" to stir up the fear of an armed rising against Home Rule, was laughed out of court in Ulster itself so soon as it was mooted. I predict the same fate for the conditional government or embryo republic, whose orange ensign was hoisted by Sir Edward Carson on Saturday.

I have been born and bred, and have lived practically all my life, in one of the most predominantly Unionist districts of Ulster; and, without immodesty, I claim to under-

stand pretty thoroughly the class of men who composed Sir Edward's audience on Saturday. Of these, it may be taken for granted that not one per cent. had the remotest idea of his meaning when he shouted about provincial governments. The remainder will be laughing at the proposal as a good joke in the streets of Belfast to-day, and will be asking one another what uniform Captain Craig will put on when he is chosen as Minister for War in this projected rebel state.

Those who have discounted the sound and wind of Orange bluff, and endeavored to get at the tangible objections of the Belfast business man to Home Rule, have found the utmost difficulty in obtaining any definite answers to their inquiries. The average man, when questioned on the matter, dismisses the subject with the glib reply: "It will put too much power into the hands of the Catholics." But when the point is pressed home to him, he is driven to the answer that by this he means giving to Irish Liberals and Nationalists that share in the Government to which their numbers entitle them.

Next he will go on to speak in the vaguest possible terms about taxation which would "differentiate unfairly against Irish Protestants." But how is the most ingenious Chancellor of the Exchequer in the world going to invent any form of taxation against Protestants, which would not recoil with equal force against Catholics? The only way to do this would be to take up the old penal code once enforced against Catholics, and adopt it, *mutatis mutandis*, to the case of Protestants in Ireland. But the Belfast Protestant, with all his prejudices, is too good a sportsman to accuse the Pope himself of wanting to do this, and he knows besides that no Government which attempted it would survive for six weeks in Ireland, or any other country. When foiled in these points, the Belfast merchant, who dearly loves the reflected ascendancy which Unionism has given him, announces that he is afraid of Socialistic legislation on the part of the new Parliament. This union of Socialism with Catholicism would be rather a new phenomenon in politics; but, laying that aside, does the Belfast man seriously suppose that Labor will be anything like the driving force in an Irish Parliament that it is in an English one? The agricultural interest, which will be the dominating one in an Irish Parliament, by all analyses, is sure to be Conservative. It has even been humorously suggested that there may be a time when those who fear the menace of Labor in England, may fly for peace and quietness to a reactionary Ireland.

These are a few of the imaginary evils which the Belfast Tory puts forward as a shield for that jealousy of Catholic equality which he dare not openly confess. To keep up the illusion, he is quite willing to salaam before Sir Edward Carson or any other figurehead at Orange processions, and play the bloodless game of bluff to the end of the chapter. Let no English Liberal be deceived by it, however, and let him rest assured that the Ulster Tory, loving his pocket even more than the Union, would as soon think of embarking upon the chaos and expense of a provisional Government as he would of taking a trip to the moon. This is something for English Liberals to remember when they hear the paid orators who will soon be imported from Belfast to carry on the Anti-Home Rule agitation in the constituencies, and the less they listen to the way in which the fears of Ulster will be thus exaggerated, the better will it be for sound and reasonable political thinking.—Yours, &c.,

J. C. ARNOLD.

Temple, E.C., and Dunmurry, co. Antrim.
September 26th, 1911.

BREAKERS AHEAD!

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It was to be expected that the letter you were good enough to insert two issues back would draw some vigorous comment.

"X," by his "population to the square mile" argument, apparently admits that the pressure of population upon subsistence is the dynamic factor at the root of events, yet curiously considers that a nation would be "kept away from the territory" of another by a "regard for right" and for "international comity"; and detects cynicism. Very likely; but the cynicism must be excused, as long as wars waged from the ethical motive are still the exception.

Further, "X" surely sees that the "population" ques-

tion cannot be "tested," as he terms it, by a comparison of the numbers per unit of area of one country with another. The fertility and natural resources must be taken into the account, also the degree of industrial efficiency and the "standard of living" obtaining in the countries under comparison. Indeed, the last factor alone is so illusive as to render all *a priori* arguments, showing a nation is not under any vital need of expansion, of great difficulty and uncertainty.

But "X's" statement that the population of Germany is not increasing so fast as that of the United States (as though it could!), shows that he has not given the question the amount of attention it requires.

On the other hand, the arguments of Dr. Bonn, referred to by Mr. Hillersdon, would doubtless be of value as they certainly would be of interest, but in as far as they are of an *a priori* character, I venture with all diffidence to suggest that they will be found to lie under the disability I have just alluded to.

Mr. Hillersdon proceeds to say that "the future of Germany will depend primarily upon a supply of cheap food and cheap raw materials from abroad" (italics mine). It is exactly this foreign trade—and all trade being reciprocal is equal and opposite: you cannot have imports, of raw or any other material, without exports—of which I wrote in my first letter as being essential to economic efficiency, and the supporting of a larger population in the Fatherland; or of the same, or of even a smaller population, with a higher standard of living.

The indisputable fact of Germany's commercial greatness, and the rapid growth of her foreign trade, are more eloquent of her power and need of expansion than any evidence of her having become an *Einwanderungsland* has the power to refute. And a nation cannot have a world-wide commerce upon which her people are largely dependent, without having a world-wide politic, and consequently the ever present possibility of having to fight for her hand. Hence her clear recognition that her "future is upon the water"; and, be it added, that it must be made secure.

"X" considers the phrase "a place in the sun" to be "mere nonsense." It is a phrase which, by the way, I did not use, but having in mind that the history of warfare throughout the ages is little more than the record of the attack of North upon South, consequent to the northern nations coveting the fruitful lands, sunny climate, and the women of their southern neighbors, it would seem rather that its apparent aptness is to be explained by reason of its being *mutatis mutandis*. So far from its being "mere nonsense" it is, *mutatis mutandis*, chock-full of meaning.

I agree that the statement of my German friend as to South Africa being "German ethnologically" signifies very little, for the expression German "race" is meaningless, there being no German "race." But then the expression "Boers of Teutonic race" is equally so.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham, I see, writes that it was not, and is not, the Monroe Doctrine that deters Germany's aspirations from South America, but the fleets and the armies and the invincible staunchness of the South American States. So be it; so that she is deterred, that is all I am concerned to maintain. But why does Mr. Cunninghame Graham try to convict "Streatham" of being ignorant of "Geography"? Surely, at least, it should be "history," and, between ourselves, it should be Buda Pest, not Streatham.—Yours, &c.,

G. T. HOWLAND.

Streatham, S.W.

September 26th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As I published a pamphlet some time ago definitely advocating the occupation by Germany of some portion of non-tropical South America, you will perhaps allow me a few words in reply to your correspondents. "X" does not seem to understand that intensity of patriotism which desires to see the Teutonic race take its place in the New World along with the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin. As to the "naked cynicism" of the proposal mentioned above, I am quite willing to take my full share of "X's" condemnation.

Mr. Hillersdon's letter is weighty and interesting: but

I think that it is scarcely likely that Germany looks to being an entirely industrial nation, relying on imported food, as such a condition (apart from obvious social objections) is scarcely fitted for a nation which must rely largely on its own self-sufficiency in order to withstand the pressure of other Powers on its borders.

I feel some diffidence in criticising Mr. Cunningham Graham's able and brilliant contribution to the discussion, but he perhaps exaggerates the extent to which large tracts of the interior of South America are occupied in the full meaning of that term. As regards the language difficulty, the absorption of California by the United States shows that this is by no means insurmountable; and that one race may quite readily supplant another by occupation and inter-marriage.

In conclusion, I hold that a strong German influence in South America would be for the good of the Continent, and a much-needed check on United States ambitions in much the same way as is our own Dominion of Canada.—Yours, &c.,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

"MARKETS AHEAD!"

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am sorry you did not get my corrected proof in time. Of course, I do not expect your "comps." to read the Mæso-Gothic character (I think I use the variety in which the Gospels of Ulfilas were written).

However, may I make a few corrections for the benefit of my many Spanish friends, who all know that I was brought up speaking their language, and will think I have taken to drinking? "Ascasufi" should be "Ascasubi," "Reuben Darios" "Rubén Dario," "Humelez" "Hernandez." I see that my comparison of "Larreta" to "Ticknor" has been omitted, for want of knowledge of the character or through you not having a copy of Ulfilas to compare with in the office.

"Gomez" was the author of the opera "Guarani" performed for a season in Paris. I fear you could not read "Guarani," and it is true that Greek is better known than Guarani in this hemisphere. May I also say that I do not "scent" but search libraries. Also that I did not say "El Cultivo del Mais" was "a something," but was "worthy." All these be toys I know, but let us at least have reciprocity in orthography with South America if not in Tariffs.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

Ardoch, Cardross, N.B.

Sept. 23rd, 1911.

THE EIGHTY CLUB IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The tour of the Eighty Club in Ireland is intended, I believe, to supply its members with additional arguments for Home Rule. It has certainly supplied an additional one to any Irish Nationalists who have met the tourists, or who have read their contributions to the English Press. The ignorance of Irish affairs displayed by these gentlemen of excellent intentions, their naïve amazement at the commonplace of Irish life and conditions, and their painful, though most conscientious, struggles to grasp the Irish point of view, have occasioned not a little amusement in Nationalist circles.

One misconception under which the members of the Eighty Club appear to labor, I desire particularly to notice, because I fear it may be shared, possibly with disastrous results, by English Liberals generally. I heard a member of the Club tell a Nationalist circle, who had been objecting to a certain suggested provision in the Home Rule Bill, that they might have to choose between Home Rule with this provision, and no Home Rule at all. He was rather surprised to get the immediate answer, that the Nationalist choice would certainly be no Home Rule. It is the greatest possible mistake for English Liberals to imagine that Irish Nationalists are waiting to accept, with eager gratitude, whatever Home Rule Bill the Government may offer them. For twenty-five years, Ireland has been steadily burning her Sibylline books. In 1886, Irishmen were prepared to accept with enthusiastic gratitude the settlement offered by Gladstone. In 1893, there was less enthusiasm, and the defects

of the Bill were examined more critically; but still, there would have been gratitude had the Bill passed then. Even so lately as 1906, had the Liberals made use of their mammoth majority to offer a real instead of a sham measure of self-government to Ireland, gratitude might perhaps have been looked for. But the insult of the Council Bill has definitely replaced the mood of gratitude by the mood of criticism. We know perfectly well why the Liberal Party has taken up Home Rule now. It is partly because Mr. Redmond holds the balance of power, and partly because the working of other forces, international in their orbit, have made Home Rule inevitable. We know that if we do not get Home Rule from the Liberals we shall get it from the Tories. Consequently, we are in no mood for half-measures. Never was the national intellect more keenly alert to search out the defects of whatever we may be offered. A Bill that falls short of our expectations in any vital particular—a Bill displaying a cautious and grudging spirit, instead of a complete trust in the Irish people, such as has been shown to the people of Canada and South Africa—such a Bill will be rejected as unhesitatingly as was the Council Bill of 1907.—Yours, &c.,

F. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON.

11, Grosvenor Place, Rathmines, Dublin.

September 24th, 1911.

SIR EDWARD STRACHEY AND THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your comments last week on Sir Edward Strachey's speech on Small Holdings, you naturally assume that he was expounding the present and future policy of the Board of Agriculture; but that does not appear to be the opinion of Mr. C. Bathurst, M.P., who, in a furious attack upon Sir Edward, in the "Times" of the 20th inst., declares that the aspirations of the Parliamentary Secretary for further reform in land tenure, merely "emphasise in public his well-known lack of sympathy with the policy he is paid to represent in the House of Commons," and, by way of concluding with a rhetorical flourish, demands his immediate resignation.

Now, Mr. Bathurst, although a member of the Opposition, writes as one who knows, and the question that jumps to the eyes is, whence did he obtain his information as to these alleged "domestic differences" at the Board? Not from such of its proceedings as have recently been made known to the public. On the contrary, there is every sign of Ministerial harmony.

A short time since, Sir E. Strachey publicly suggested the necessity for additional Small Holdings Commissioners; they were appointed almost immediately. In a subsequent speech, he declared the desirability of an inquiry as to Foot-and-Mouth disease; forthwith a committee was constituted. Can there, then, be any doubt but that Sir Edward's policy is that of the President—that sturdy Liberal, one might almost say Radical, Lord Carrington—and that the two Ministers see eye to eye in matters agricultural?

Then, sir, the obvious deduction must be that the "Board" to which Mr. Bathurst refers is composed exclusively of permanent officials.

But how did it become known to a member of the Opposition that Sir Edward Strachey had incurred the displeasure of these haughty bureaucrats? We wonder! Perhaps the Board of Education is not the only department that appears to require a "purge."

But, pending that to-be-wished-for consummation, it is a matter for congratulation to the party of progress that there is at the Board of Agriculture such a man as Sir Edward Strachey, who is not afraid to join battle with the official—one might say, the professional—obscurantists; and whose "lack of sympathy" with administrative reactionaries and their methods deserves the warm admiration and hearty support of every genuine reformer.—Yours, &c.,

A RETIRED OFFICIAL.

September 27th, 1911.

THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As one who paid a recent visit to Canada, I confess that the victory of the Conservatives at the Elections has occasioned me no surprise. Fresh from that visit, I

heard Sir Wilfrid Laurier speak, and had a conversation with Dr. Macdonald of Toronto, and it seemed to me, as an outside observer, that neither was aware of, or was willing to admit the existence of, the strong feelings which appeared to be aroused in Canada as a result of side issues arising out of the reciprocity proposals. These feelings seem to have been very widespread, and if they were produced by the same causes as those with which I came in contact, it would be entirely erroneous to suppose that the merits or demerits of reciprocity in itself was the determining factor in the Elections. The victory is rather one for sentiment than one for or against any policy affecting questions of tariffs and trade relations. From what one can judge from conversation with Liberals and Conservatives, there is no feeling in Canada stronger among the majority than that of loyalty to Britain, except it be that of antipathy to the United States. Whatever policy had the appearance of interfering with that sentiment would at once be condemned unheard by many, and as some Liberals and all Conservatives had got it deep into their minds that reciprocity was a forerunner of annexation, one can imagine that this would be the governing consideration with them in recording their votes.

It requires a visit to Canada to understand this "Imperialism" of theirs. I felt it in the States when I met Canadian business men in Pennsylvania. In spite of declarations of friendliness one could see that in business and social matters Canadians have a feeling of distrust for Americans—and considering all things, how can it be otherwise? The corrupt nature of American politics merely reflects the looseness of morals of the individual citizen in so far as money matters are concerned. He lives to make money, and makes the end justify the means. Even when absolutely straightforward and sincere he is bombastic—both in business and politics. His bombast often takes the shape of sneers at Britain. How can these things do otherwise than stir up the sentiment of loyalty on the part of British Canadians? If they are men who have experience of both Britain and America one can understand their preference for the mother country—in which the moral tone in political, municipal, and business life is so much better.

When once the idea gained root that reciprocity meant closer ties with the United States and looser bonds with Great Britain, it found men ready to believe it without inquiring into its truth or error. The idea had the support of one or two facts which were difficult to explain away, among others the former speech of a Liberal Minister who had indicated some sympathy with, or belief in, annexation. This Minister was regarded as the inspirer of the policy of reciprocity, so that Conservatives had thus a powerful backing in their appeal to loyal sentiment.

A further reason which may have influenced the election is that, in spite of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's personal popularity, the French Canadian, who is also a Catholic, is looked upon with distrust and suspicion. Where he controls the vote in the large cities, the result of municipal control is certainly very unsatisfactory. Montreal seemed to me to be one of the most beautifully situated and yet one of the worst managed cities I had seen, although I have visited many. Its slums, its water supply, its street-paving, are such as would not be tolerated in the most dilapidated east-end quarter of London. These things are associated with the French Canadian influence, and one can understand how they are disliked by those who are acquainted with the public health conditions of the old country. If they could not adversely affect Sir Wilfrid in person, they would probably so affect some of his followers.

There also appears to be a feeling in Canada that the United States would not enter into this bargain unless she were to get the best of it. Every year is making Canada stronger, and is weakening the United States in regard to the productivity of her natural resources. Reciprocity, say some Canadians, may help us now, but we can get better terms later; so why hurry, when we can afford to wait? This is a perfectly intelligible position to take up when one considers the past and future of the two countries. The future is all with Canada, comparatively speaking, if she uses her opportunities aright. As Liberals we are naturally disappointed at the result of the Elections, but it is folly and a misrepresentation for Conservatives to claim

that that result has been favorable to protection, or is produced by any lack of faith in free trade and democratic principles.—Yours, &c.,

OBSERVER.

National Liberal Club, S.W.

A NEW THEORY OF GREEK TRAGEDY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It would be impossible to discuss all the points raised by Professor Ridgeway in his comments on my review of his book on "The Origin of Tragedy" without trespassing too freely on your valuable space. I shall, therefore, confine myself to noting a significant example of his method of controversy. As it does not accord with his theory to admit the original connection of the dithyramb with Dionysus, he endeavours to cast doubts upon the validity of the evidence by which that connection is supported. It is very noteworthy that the passage which he selects for criticism is one from the "Laws" of Plato (fourth century B.C.), to which I did not refer, whilst he takes no note of the conclusive lines of Archilochus (seventh century B.C.), from which my argument took its starting point. I do not think it necessary to trouble you further.—Yours, etc.,

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

September 22nd, 1911.

SCENERY AND THE DRAMA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Scenery for the poetic drama in England has been so ugly in itself, so bad as part of the theatrical whole, and imitative, with such clumsy childishness, of reality, that a great many people have begun to sigh for no scenery at all. The causes and reasons of the case for no scenery come out very clearly in Mr. William Poel's able and honest attack on Mr. Gordon Craig's theories and practice. Let us examine them.

The important question is the general one. Mr. Poel's position seems to be this:—(a) Tragedy—and, presumably, all poetic drama—appeals to the reason through the actor and the language. It is not its business to "delight the eye." Scenery of any kind only spoils the play by clashing with its true appeal. (b) This is especially true of Shakespeare's plays. He wrote them for performances without scenery. If he had written for the modern theatre, they would probably have been very different. To get the effect he intended, we must act them on an "Elizabethan" stage. As this is also the best form of stage, we gain all the way.

I think this is a fair statement of what Mr. Poel says and implies. Read his letter carefully, and the error at the bottom of his whole view begins to appear. In the very first sentence there is the word "background." Beneath it lurks the whole tragedy. Mr. Poel obviously thinks there are two absolutely distinct things—the play and the scenery. The retort of people who want to see Mr. Craig's production of "Macbeth" is that there is only one thing—the art-object of the Art of the theatre, the product of words, acting, and scenery—"Macbeth." The point of art is to raise certain very valuable emotions. Tragedy does it through the reason, says Mr. Poel. But through the eyes as well. Does Mr. Poel really keep his eyes shut all the time he is in a theatre? Why does he go at all? Why not merely read these plays? But, of course, one goes to the theatre to see. If you read the words of "Macbeth," you get something. If you see it on an Elizabethan stage, you get something more and rather different. If you see it in the art-form of the theatre, you get something different again, and greater still. Each method has its peculiar advantages in this instance. We should like to be able to enjoy all three. But let not Mr. Poel try to rule out what may be the best of all by pretending he doesn't use his eyes—even in an Elizabethan theatre. If all he means is that scenery which is only beautiful on its own account may be a nuisance in a play, everybody agrees. The same is true of words. But Mr. Craig, when he is in the theatre, is as far from being a picture-painter as Shakespeare is from being a literary man. I am afraid Mr. Poel means something more.

When it comes to details, his fundamental error, almost ridiculously keeps betraying him. Mr. Craig designs the

"murder scene," and adds, "*I hope it is vast enough.*" Mr. Poel comments:—

"It is not the vastness of the scene, nor the huge door leading to the little room where Duncan lies murdered, which can show the terror in Macbeth's soul at the thought of what he has done, and this terror is the central idea of the scene."

Of course, the mere "vastness of the scene" alone expresses very little. But because the drum part alone would express very little of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, are we therefore to forbid the drum to play in it at all? All the design claims is that this scene, with good actors, moving rightly, and uttering Shakespeare's words, will stir the spectator to feel this "terror" more profoundly than any other presentation. Others of Mr. Poel's comments show him even further from understanding the *unity* of the impression you get from the Art of the theatre.

As for the special point about Shakespeare, there is some truth in it. Mr. Craig's production would not give us the same states of mind as Shakespeare's gave the Elizabethans. But neither would Mr. Poel's. It is not Mr. Poel's fault. It is ours. There are two elements necessary for the "aesthetic emotion"—the object and the mind of the perceptive. And if either is changed you cannot get the same impression. No one (as Mr. Poel knows) can be at all certain what any of the different Elizabethan performances was like. But even if Mr. Poel should happen to produce one exactly—the daylight, the platform-stage projecting so far, the jigs, and music, the rant and noise and childishness—we, unused to poetic drama, used to light-effects and the frame of the proscenium, adult, serious, critical, and antiquarian, should get a very different impression from an Elizabethan's. It is possible, after all, that the fanciful Mr. Gordon Craig would give us something far more like the good an Elizabethan got, without the bad.

At a time when theatres are beginning to be worth going to, these general questions are very important. About particular criticisms, I agree with Mr. Poel that Mr. Craig's "dead kings and queens" business is silly, and differ when he says that the letter and Duncan's arrival are in the same scene (curious error!). One protest. In questions of interpretation, it is not a case of Gordon Craig v. Shakespeare. It is Gordon Craig v. William Poel. And if we don't like Mr. Craig's irrelevant sentimentality about the statues, neither should we like a production of Mr. Poel's, in which Lady Macbeth is played as "this fascinating but unhappy woman" . . . "a gentle, affectionate wife, with sweet and gracious manners!"

Shakespeare is dead, anyway; and he has left us the raw material of plays, and our job is more to get as good shows out of them as we can, than to reverence Shakespeare. When England has the sense to use the theatrical skill and ability she might, we shall be able to see productions of "Macbeth" by Mr. Craig and Mr. Poel on successive nights. To discover which gives us sensations most like those Dr. Simon Forman had on April 20th, 1610, will be a difficult and rather fruitless task. But on that great day we will readily and cheerfully tell Mr. Poel which we think is the better.—Yours, &c.,

RUPERT BROOKE.

Cambridge, September 28th, 1911.

GIRLS IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—An advertisement for an instructress in domestic economy for factory girls in your paper some weeks ago caught my eye, and suggested many thoughts. I am teaching in a big Municipal School for girls, and often long to set our elder girls to some such work. I wonder if the public realise the training which is given in the big public secondary schools to senior girls. As I know them, things seem terribly wrong. I should like to know if conditions are better in other towns. Most of our teachers have had a purely academic training. They have gone from school to college, and left college for posts as teachers in schools. What do they know first-hand of life? The same course is being repeated with all our most capable girls, and, in their turn, what will they know of life? We have girls of 15, 16, and 17, spending five hours a day in school, then going home for five hours more of home study, some of them, I know, not putting away their work till 11 p.m. They are pale, nervy, hysterical, round-shouldered, narrow-chested, ugly, slouching walkers,

and devitalised in every way. No time remains for real thought, for human or home interests. Why do we let the girls grow up ignorant of the facts of life which vitally concern women? Whatever else they know or do not know, they should surely learn the things which are every woman's first concern all the world over. We look in vain among them for the vigorous, bright-eyed, well-built, capable, and cultured creatures who will make worthy mothers of a great race. It seems necessary for us to ask ourselves where we are driving them, these poor intellectual drudges! Fathers and mothers need to rouse themselves, and to demand something else. Let the girls be educated for womanhood, and not just to figure on examination lists or to become mere teaching machines. It is a mistake we are making in running off the paths Nature has made plain for us. Let us try to follow more closely in her ways, and so we shall rear a noble generation of mothers and fathers to serve, wide-awake, the great ends of motherhood and fatherhood. This should be our first aim, and here are the roots of a nation's intellectual life. Let us seek this first, and the flowers and fruit of intellect shall be added unto us.—Yours, &c.,

A MUNICIPAL SCHOOL MISTRESS.

Poetry.

THE FISHERS.

I.

THREATENING the sky,
Foreign and wild the sea,
Yet all the fleet of fishers are afloat;
They lie
Sails furled
Each frail and tossing boat,
And cast their little nets into an Unknown world.
The countless, darting splendors that they miss,
The rare and vital magic of the main,
The which for all their care
They never shall ensnare—
All this
Perchance in dreams they know;
Yet are content
And count the night well spent
If so
The indrawn net contain
The matter of their daily nourishment.

II.

The unseizable sea,
The circumambient grace of Deity,
Where live and move
Unnumbered presences of power and love,
Slips through our finest net:
We draw it up all wet,
A-shimmer with the dew-drops of that deep.
And yet
For all their toil the fishers may not keep
The instant living freshness of the wave;
Its passing benediction cannot give
The mystic meat they crave
That they may live.

But on some stormy night
We, venturing far from home,
And casting our poor trammel to the tide,
Perhaps shall feel it come
Back to the vessel's side,
So easy and so light
A child might lift,
Yet hiding in its mesh the one desired gift;
The living food
That man for ever seeks to snatch from out the flood.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

Reviews.

A TORY SATIRIST.

"The Life of Thomas Love Peacock." By CARL VAN DOREN.
(Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Thomas Love Peacock: A Critical Study." By A. MARTIN FREEMAN. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

EVERYTHING else must be put aside—that is the feeling, we think, that many people interested in literary history will be likely to share—to make way for a serious effort at a biography of Thomas Love Peacock. If the missing chapter be at length supplied, and is to be found here, even distributed over two volumes—the subject may well be treated in duplicate—both books are welcome. It is doubtful even if they will injure one another; and they are justly named—one a "Life," based on external sources to a considerable extent; the other "a study," fertilising the evidence drawn mainly from Peacock's own self-revelatory writing, and critical or internal in its application. Both are interesting, and the impact of both upon the more or less electric areas of Shelley-and-Meredith-lore is notable.

The first compliments exchanged, however, the predominant feeling is one of regret, not that labor has been wasted, but that those who could have appreciated it most scientifically and surely are now no more—one, alas! above all, the Mentor of Peacockians past and present, who walked often, like Ben Brace, with "a slight list to port" among the serried aisles of "the Museum," and whose equal among the dowers or diviners of the imaginative possibilities of their own age in literature we can never expect to see again.

Statements are here doubtless which would have excited the sniff of the old literary war-horse. Who said Peacock? Suavely, but firmly, he would have intervened, and with authority, as one who had not merely documents and title-deeds, but personal memories, intimate confidences, and friendship with the principals. To him, every incident here was palpitating with its own life, not seen merely through the always slightly distorting glasses of another age. And yet, to the present writer at any rate, Peacock still lives through the personal recollections of one who was associated with him rather closely, who remembered him as the head of a rival department in Leadenhall Street, and resented a little, perhaps, the way in which the table-talk and the witty quotations of this rather waxen-faced old gentleman, flushed with Madeira, drew all the young men to his particular end of the table at dessert. He perverted them from church-orthodoxy, it was said, by his silvery satire, and selected his assistants for their knowledge of Greek! What was the good of Greek to a young writer in the John Company? Greek, said Peacock, had ever been a very good friend to him. Was it his Greek, we wonder, or his collars, or his innate Toryism, or his love of Homer, which gives him such a hauntingly Gladstonian appearance in one of these portraits?

One of the old Pagan's present biographers (as delicately revealed on page 270) is an American, a fact not altogether successfully concealed from those diligent enough to discern his inordinate fondness for the substantive "location." His narrative is the more laborious and precise of the two, though, in doglike devotion, it cannot be said to rival the transatlantic biographies of Borrow and Mr. Shaw. Mr. Freeman's study is more of a commentary, valuable without a doubt, and convincing to those ready to concede a little more essential importance and solidity to the novels than we can actively simulate. Through no lack of diligence on the part of Mr. Van Doren, the searchers seem to have found extremely little of material novelty to supplement the short, but not insufficient, biographical sketch prefixed by Dr. Garnett to the 1891 edition of "Headlong Hall." It was, as in the case of the satirist's son-in-law, a life carefully and successfully screened from observation. We learn a little, it is true, of Peacock's first flame, the lovely Fanny Chertsey; there is a little more about his friendship with Edward Hookham (the Bond Street bookseller's son), his early reading, his love of Windsor, Virginia Water, and the Old Courts of Queen Charlotte and Queen Adelaide, as described by the good Cornelia Knight. His secretaryship to Sir Home Riggs Popham, on Board H.M.S. "Venerable," then lying in the Downs, is an interesting item; but it seems to have been a very transient experience of

the winter 1808-9, and little further is known of Peacock until he swims into our ken as an intimate of Shelley and Hogg in 1812-13, and publishes "Headlong Hall" three years after that. Personally, Peacock, like everyone else, fell largely under Shelley's spell; but, intellectually, the contact seems to have been responsible for more repulsion than attraction. Peacock, in brief, was already beginning to react against his own youthful ideological tendencies when he encountered the same phase of juvenile idealism, caricatured to the pitch of absurdity and prolonged beyond its normal tenure of existence in one whose mind was, in many respects, so exceptionally mature as that of his gifted and enthusiastic friend. Hence, within a comparatively few months of his final parting with Shelley (as it proved), the laughing portrait of Scythrop in "Nightmare Abbey," with his "cogitative faculties immersed in cogibundity of cogitation," wildly vehement and incoherent in his love affairs, and driving damsels to utter despair while he is excogitating new plans for the immediate reform of unregenerate man. That Peacock should have dared to pen, and Shelley to smile at, such a caricature has always been a source of amazement to Shelleyans. Yet the correspondence between the two men remained close; Peacock, named "Alastor," provoked the "Defence of Poetry," and read many proofs for his Italianate friend. In 1819, Peacock proposed, by letter, for the Carnarvonshire nymph he had not seen for nearly nine years, and was accepted. He had already become an Examiner of Correspondence at the India House, and the recipient of six, soon raised to eight, hundred a year. There he got to know J. S. Mill, whom he thought vastly over-rated; Horace Grant, Edward Strachey, Horace Smith, Bentham, and Sir Henry Cole. For Shelley he performed the unostentatious office of executor. His "private life calls for little notice" (it does, indeed); his infrequent writing reveals more and more the confirmed satirist. His novels, based on the old Aristophanic comedy, delight us as a whirligig of wit, sparkling and fizzing, yet dry as the best champagne. But inconclusive in their aim, though full of unalloyed fun, they seem to us (it may be heresy) inconclusive as literature.

Like Mallock and Butler, Peacock used a pure literary instrument—as Gilbert and Pelissier have used the mechanism of the stage—to laugh at the fads of the day. How delightfully he could have ridiculed, and did in some cases, vegetarianism, teetotalism, Christian Science, the anti-man mania, the sin of marriage, the iniquity of discipline, and the crime-of-punishment crazes! His conversation novels—of which "Crotchet Castle," as containing Dr. Folliott (godfather of Dr. Middleton in "The Egoist"), seems to us the ripest—are tournaments of embodied fads. The eighteenth-century comedy, of course, now mostly forgotten, was full of them. Peacock's style is everything that is most delightful; but this pure, unapplied literature (in the style of Meredith's "Sentimentalists"), with little humor, emotion, intrigue, or mystery, or definite purpose, can with difficulty stand, except as the Babiole of an eclectic few. The fact that he wrote comparatively so little will, however, serve Peacock in good stead. It was due to his love of ease and open air. In the summer he worshipped Jupiter, and never sought to console his solitude with books. His circle of friends and correspondents was narrow; his trials were not few. The tragic death of Lieutenant Nicolls, the re-marriage of his eldest daughter, and the marriages of his two younger children in opposition to his wishes, the instability of his son, the death of his wife (who never quite recovered the death of little Margaret), the death of the two children of his daughter Rosa, her own death soon after, the separation of George and Mary Meredith, the death finally, in 1861, of Mrs. Meredith, all these were blows to try to the uttermost the laughing philosopher who followed Epicurus. Yet he found consolation, this old man who had spoken with Shelley not once but a thousand times, in his lawn and his library. At Lower Halliford he became the genius loci, the most kindly and popular of river gods; stately, especially at dinner-time, and old-fashioned in his dress and observance; there he remained to be seen, erect, and bright-eyed, to the age of eighty and over, and there he died very peacefully on January 23rd, 1866.

Thomas Love Peacock was "put away" in the cemetery

at Shepperton, almost opposite the place where the church shyly retreats upon the river, behind "The Anchor" and "The King's Head." Under the shadow of the nave, to the left, the headstone may still be seen of little Margaret, who died, aged three, in January, 1826, and every one of the bereaved father's touchingly beautiful lines is still distinct and legible.—

"Long night succeeds thy little day;
O blighted blossom! Can it be
That this grey stone and grassy clay
Have closed our anxious care of thee?

"The half-formed speech of artless thought
That spoke a mind beyond thy years;
The song, the dance, by nature taught,
The sunny smiles, the transient tears.

"The sympathy of face and form,
The eye with light and life replete;
The little heart so fondly warm;
The voice so musically sweet.

"These, lost to hope, in memory yet
Around the hearts that loved thee cling,
Shadowing with long and vain regret
The too-fair promise of thy spring."

It is otherwise in the cemetery. Peacock's Western biographer shows little acquaintance with the spot, and it seems extremely doubtful whether the inscription given is correct. What it should be the present writer deponeth not, for the slate table, raised barely a foot above the brick vault, is absolutely illegible. There was so much difficulty about the other epitaph that the Sheppertonians are, it may be, prejudiced against the preservation of this one. The tomb of a veritable English worthy (not very exactly described here as "not far from the entrance") is, at any rate, quite indistinguishable among the local Rosewells and Purdues.

The country immediately round Peacock's last home and resting-place, or at least that part closely contiguous to the river, has an indefinable charm; and although the identity of Peacock's grave with that of a great man seems unsuspected by the inhabitants, young and old, to the West-suburban cyclist the country itself is well-known. Its charm unfolds itself somewhat suddenly, whether Halliford be approached appropriately by way of Watersplash Lane (still capable of giving its cold baptising douche to the invading motor), or gradually, by long, straight roads, through market gardens, past green-latticed "Magpie," and brisk "Dog and Partridge," in the land of Isleworth ales, by Bedford peacocks, and not a few green-mantled pools. First comes Littleton, with its antique brick-cored church and toy-looking tower, dark and mysterious inside, with soldiers' tombs, and many tattered standards with such inscriptions as Lincelles, Barrosa, and Coruña barely decipherable upon them; then, in a few moments we discover the quaint, irregular green of Lower Halliford—on our right, amid the white posts, the cottage which Peacock lent to the Merediths, easily identifiable from the photograph given in the "Shaving of Shagpat,"* at the end of the pretty green a charming peep of the river, and, just to the left of the view, Peacock's old house, next to Lady Blythwood's, well-known to punters on the river for its lovely hedges, flowers in stone vases, and variety of stately trees. It stands on a picturesque bend of the sigma which the Thames describes after its junction with the Wey. Hence the philosophic wheelman will extend his spin briefly to Chertsey Bridge; across the water is Fox's St. Anne's Hill, around which is not that an aeroplane circling? The fishers with their angles and nets, the boatfolk in the lock, the airmen, and motorists, and bicyclists, with their whirring wheels—little do they reckon of the invisible thread which draws us a long mile further—to Laleham! Is it here or at Shepperton that we shall find the dominant spirit of this region? The churchyard at Laleham is in an angle of the road, and just above its small area, a mighty stack of telegraph wires crosses, humming and vibrating in the breeze. Matthew and Frances Lucy, and the four little ones, Thomas, Trevenen, Basil, and John ("It is well with the child.") are closely lying there. Closely-packed with memories, indeed, is this little corner of Thames-land, where Thomas Love Peacock lies put away!

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

* Memorial Edition, Vol. I., page 104.

AN ADMIRAL'S MEMORIES.

"My Naval Career and Travels." By Admiral of the Fleet the Right Hon. Sir EDWARD H. SEYMOUR. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is an admirable book. It is high praise for an author to say that one wishes he had given us still more. One feels this when one reaches the last page of Sir Edward Seymour's story of his career. One grudges the modest reticence that has made him pass lightly and briefly over so many of his own exploits, and has made him hesitate to give us more fully his personal impressions of great events that he witnessed. He writes in an easy, colloquial style. Here and there one finds an awkwardly-worded sentence or a word used in a way that is not quite usual; but notwithstanding these rare blemishes, the book is, even from the literary point of view, thoroughly good work. Sir Edward has a power of conveying a clear impression in a few well-chosen words, an aptitude for concise description and narration, that would have made him a successful journalist, if that had been his path in life. While he can write seriously of serious things, he has in a marked degree the saving gift of humor, and he quotes with approval the lines:—

"He surely must be good for nought
Who is not humorous prone;
Who has not got a merry thought
Can't have a funny bone."

His cheery disposition helped to carry those he led through more than one trying time. It is to his credit that nowhere in his book has he an unkind word to say of others. He passes over in friendly silence the record of failures and deficiencies.

He hopes "to be read by young naval officers who may be interested to see the changes in what is probably the finest profession in the world." He will have a far wider circle of readers. Every Englishman is interested in the Navy, and Sir Edward gives us a most interesting record of its progress during more than half a century in telling the story of his own career.

He joined the service in November, 1852, at the age of twelve and a-half, and after an examination, which "consisted of arithmetic, including the rule of three, no fractions, and dictation of twenty lines from the 'Spectator.'" At the time our fleet consisted chiefly of sailing ships, but he was posted as a naval cadet to a screw corvette, H.M.S. "Encounter." "You will take charge of the signals of this ship," said the First Lieutenant when he went on board. This sounds like a joke, but it was said in earnest, and the signal staff was made up of the newly-joined schoolboy and another boy, aged sixteen, to help him. In the following year he was transferred to the paddle-wheel steam frigate "Terrible," then reckoned to be the most powerful fighting ship in the Navy. She carried twenty-one heavy guns, and was of 1,847 tons and 800 horse-power. He tells how:—

"At the end of August we were one of the ships accompanying her Majesty in the 'Victoria and Albert' from Holyhead to Kingstown to open the Dublin Exhibition. The 'Terrible' was the fastest ship of war that could be found, but the highest speed we were able to go on the run across was 12.8 knots. The Royal yacht went one or two knots faster. The other three escorting men-of-war were left hull down before we got to Kingstown."

As one measure of the changes Sir Edward witnessed, let us note that his last command was when, two years ago, he hoisted his flag as Admiral of the Fleet in the "Inflexible," the flagship of the squadron sent to New York for the Hudson-Fulton celebrations. The "Inflexible" is a Dreadnought of over 17,000 tons displacement, 41,000 horse-power, and a speed of more than 27 knots.

By the way, Sir Seymour does not approve of the "Dreadnought policy." Of these huge ships he says:—"Many will agree with me that their origin was for us an evil, though had others begun them, we ought, of course, to have followed suit." After stating some of the practical disadvantages of these leviathans, he remarks that:—" 'Beggar my neighbor' is a very nice game of cards for children, but when played (with ships) between first-class Powers, it is certainly costly, probably very risky."

He was under fire for the first time on April 22nd, 1854, at the Bombardment of Odessa, when he was not quite fourteen years old. He saw a good deal of miscellaneous

R. L. S.

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fighting during the Crimean War, including a now forgotten action off Sebastopol between the "Terrible" and "Furious" on our side and six Russian steamships on the other, "the only case in the Black Sea during the war of vessels under way engaging each other."

After the peace he went out to the China Station and saw further active service in two Chinese wars. The experience thus acquired stood him in good stead, when, many years after, as Admiral in command of our squadron in the Far East, he had to face the emergency of the Boxer revolt, and hurriedly organise an international expedition for the relief of Peking. Before telling, with characteristic modesty, the story of his heroic effort to relieve the besieged legations, and of his defence of Tientsin, he makes some remarks that show he is fair-minded enough to realise that there are two sides to most questions:—

"The general history of our dealings with China has been that we have forced ourselves, undesired, upon them and into their country. I believe we are too apt to forget this, and not to make those allowances in consequence, that we certainly should make for our own behavior in case any foreign nation tried to intrude themselves by force on us. But Crabbe's well-known lines beginning—

'How is it men, when they in judgment sit,
On the same faults, now censure now acquit?'

apply to nations as much as to men. I might easily enlarge on this subject by dilating on the religious question, on the opium trade, on the war of 1840, and on events both before and after that; but that is not my theme."

The dash for Peking came perilously near disaster, and it says much for Admiral Seymour's qualities as a leader that he extricated his mixed force from its dangerous position. He seems to have got on splendidly with the foreign officers. His perfect knowledge of French, acquired in more than one prolonged stay in Touraine, doubtless helped, for even the Japanese officers knew either English or this *lingua franca* of educated men. His kindly, tactful character was a still more important factor in maintaining good relations with his colleagues, and we may note that he chose to succeed him in command, in case of an accident, the German Captain Von Usedom. He does not often talk of grievances, but he complains, with good reason, that the Government refused a clasp for the defence of Tientsin. He thought it was thoroughly well earned:—

"When the long duration of the fighting, the large number of the casualties, and the importance of the episode in North China are considered, no one, I think, will dispute this, especially when it is compared with what some clasps were given for in another continent at about the same time. I did my utmost to get the clasp for my officers and men; why it was not given I know, but the poor reasons I do not feel at liberty to mention."

The Chinese Regiment, raised for service at Wei-hai-Wei, did splendid work at Tientsin. "But," says Sir Edward, "the ways of the British Government are inscrutable; and, after finding the regiment was really efficient, they disbanded it."

Besides the part he took in three Chinese wars, he saw much active service in various parts of Africa. In the intervals of employment, he found time for travel in many directions, including a whaling cruise among the northern ice. Then we have also the record of official journeys, such as the interesting account of a visit to Japan with the Garter Mission to the Mikado. Briefly discussing the Far Eastern question, he expresses the opinion that the "yellow peril" is "a bogey yet very far distant," and that a powerful China, instead of being a menace to the West, would be a counterpoise to Japan.

Surveying the changes he has seen in the Navy, along with frank criticism on matters of detail, he gives an optimistic verdict on its present condition. His matter-of-fact confidence in the future is in striking contrast with the forecasts of some of our stay-at-home "naval experts."

It would be easy to collect from his pages a long series of interesting or amusing incidents and picturesque notes of travel. For these we must refer our readers to the book itself. One of Sir Edward's questions we can answer. "At Tunis," he says, "is the grave of Colonel Howard Payne, who died in 1852, and is stated to be the author of 'Home Sweet Home.' Is this so?" Yes; it is so. Payne was an American, and a wanderer in many lands, who, for most of his life, had no home of his own anywhere but in imagination.

THE STOIC CREED.

"Roman Stoicism; being Lectures on the History of the Stoic Philosophy, with special reference to its development within the Roman Empire." By E. VERNON ARNOLD, Litt. D. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

The history of Stoicism in the Roman Empire is one of peculiar interest. Of all the Greek philosophies this was most effective among the practical Romans; and, if we are to estimate the value of doctrine by its influence on men's lives, there are few gospels which would rank higher than that of Stoicism. Such seems to be the judgment of Dr. Arnold. He writes that "as contributions to the progress of humanity—in politics and law, in social order, and in the inventive adoption of material surroundings, the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle can hardly claim to approach" Stoicism and the "world-religions." This it would be very difficult to prove, and the able summary of Stoic doctrines which Dr. Arnold has set forth in "Roman Stoicism" hardly establishes his thesis. Surely the long history of Christian thought, in the Middle Ages as in the Renaissance, owes more to Plato and Aristotle than to all the Stoics: St. Augustine was right when he said that the Neoplatonists were closer than other philosophers to the thought of Christianity, and, indeed, the Stoics themselves, it may be argued, owed their finest conceptions to the work of the two great masters of those who know.

It is clear, however, that the direct and immediate influence of Stoicism was great. Dr. Arnold's work contains an elaborate statement of the details of Stoic teaching on the constitution of the universe and the duties of man. The plan of the book is in part historical. The early history of Stoicism is briefly related, and we are given a more detailed account of the preaching of the Stoics in Rome. Here, naturally, there is not much opportunity for imaginative writing. The early chapters, therefore, are summaries of fact. Full details are given of the lives of the Stoics, and abundant quotation justifies Dr. Arnold's statements. We could desire a more enthusiastic appreciation of the characters of Stoic preachers; but perhaps the chief interest of the book was not intended to be personal. The greater part deals with the doctrines of Stoicism. These are stated without the prejudices of a special pleader. Indeed, Dr. Arnold well avoids the snare of scholars when they are saturated with their subject. He does not hide the deficiencies of Stoicism. As a theory of the physical universe Stoicism, Dr. Arnold shows, definitely opposed the heliocentric astronomy. In fact, the Stoics made a part of the "outburst of persecuting zeal, anticipating so remarkably the persecution of Galileo, which was effective in preventing the spread of the novel doctrine." Not that Stoicism is to be condemned for a mistake; but the mistakes of great minds must be recognised, lest we should make ourselves the slaves of our teachers. Aristotle maintained slavery, and Thomas Aquinas showed where the earthly paradise was to be found. A great man, nevertheless, lives down the errors of his own teaching by the influence he exercises over those who do not remain only his scholars. So also it was in the Stoic doctrines of the religious and moral life. The intrinsic greatness of spirit in the chief Stoics survived all the trivialities of their detailed advice.

Dr. Arnold gives us first the religious doctrine and afterwards the practical directions in which Stoicism found its most effective influence. Much of the "heroic virtue" and the "life of the spirit," as known to Stoicism, has been embodied in the Christian tradition. The last chapter in Dr. Arnold's book on "the Stoic strain in Christianity" is perhaps one of the most interesting. It was recognised, of course, even in the early times, that Seneca was very closely in sympathy with Christian thought; but, as Dr. Arnold shows, too much was made of what were merely parallel developments of teaching. In his conception of the fatherhood of God, and in his analysis of human nature, Dr. Arnold believes St. Paul to have "started from the Stoic basis," although in his acceptance of "sexual tabus" St. Paul seems to have been "an extreme reactionary against the philosophic doctrines which he shared with the Stoic." Much has been written, especially of late years, on the religious history of the West during the early years of our era; but it is not too much to say that the facts are still obscure. Dr.

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Arnold has put together the generally acknowledged traces of Stoicism in Christianity. But we miss here, too, the enthusiasm and insight which seem to be almost necessary for any illuminating treatment of this difficult problem. In the history of religion, more, perhaps, than in that of any other department of human activity, enthusiasm seems to be requisite for real understanding. The reserve of the scholar may, however, be better in the end than the unwarrantable assumptions of some theorists in early Christian history, who substitute enthusiasm for exact knowledge. At any rate, if we are to choose between enthusiasm and exactness, we would prefer to depend upon our scholars for the latter. Dr. Arnold has the exactness and reserve which may be the best grounds for understanding, though they do not sufficiently persuade us to admire Roman Stoicism. There is a strange community of feeling between the old Romans and ourselves—those who, like Sir Frederick Pollock, have noticed it, are the more impressed with the likeness between the Stoicism of the Roman and the Christianity of our best officials. By whatever name we call that stern devotion to duty and that dignified reserve, which with us—as with the Romans—turned not seldom into a barren aloofness, it is certain that the principles of Stoic teaching are not without their value to-day. It is easy for many of us to imagine what the true Stoic would say and do; and in this we see the broad truth and the lasting value of that creed which shed so much lustre on the last days of the Roman Principate.

AMONG THE DUTCH.

"Home Life in Holland." By D. S. MELDRUM. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is no mere piece of book-making or traveller's gossip. Mr. Meldrum's familiarity with Holland and its people is the result of long and sympathetic study, and he brings to the presentation of his facts and impressions a style full of vivacity and color. The one fault of his book arises perhaps from the very comprehensiveness of its scheme; the detail necessary to anything like a full discussion of a nation's politics, constitution, and economics is inevitably rather dull reading to the layman, even when it is enlivened by an allusiveness so ready and humorous as Mr. Meldrum's. We would willingly have sacrificed whole chapters of somewhat arid analysis for a few more pages of the author's admirably lucid sketches of the landscape and the character of its people.

"I hope," says Mr. Meldrum, "I shall not fail to ingeminate respect in the reader for the resources of modern Holland; but her greatest possession, I declare, is still her landscape." Acting on this belief, he devotes several chapters of his book to a presentation of the natural features of the country and the part they have played in the development of the Dutch type. Of the former, no better miniature in words could well be asked than this: "Everywhere in Holland the field of one's vision is almost wholly claimed by the high, over-arching sky, which almost invariably, too, mirrors itself in foreground water, re-duplicating there its vast and buoyant expanses. And in between these two infinities comes the darker strip of earth, whose low, melancholy lines and foreshortened spaces, gravely silhouetted against them, invite the eye to search out their profound and cunning values." Mr. Meldrum is right. To the stranger the political and domestic affairs of Holland are of relative unimportance; after all, travel is in no way necessary to the understanding of humanity, and the chosen routine of Dutch life is merely the outward expression of something that we may study as profitably at our own gates. But the Dutch landscape is a thing by itself, with peculiar properties and influences. It is drawn for us in these pages with an almost faultless precision of outline, and, of course, due prominence is given to its outstanding characteristic—the water. Mr. Meldrum has not, however, emphasised two things as clearly as he might have done. The history of the Dutch people is closely bound up with their constant struggle with the sea. Momentary relaxation of the daily vigil would mean the destruction of the country; and this habitual anxiety has fostered in the race a quiet, defensive heroism which is distinct from the imperial

patriotism of all its neighbors. This point Mr. Meldrum has not missed; but he does not remind us of another curious effect of this hourly opposition to a national menace. Domestic architecture in Holland is singularly bad; generally ornate, hardly ever beautiful. Even the churches are—with a few exceptions—relatively undistinguished. The towns, apart from the antiquities of such places as Delft and Leyden, are commonplace and unattractive. Over all these things there are signs of a craftsmanship uninspired and out of touch with any vital or national impulse. But the spell of the water on the Hollander's work is immediate in its operation. You will not find a windmill or watermill with imperfect lines, or an ill-proportioned barge from Rotterdam to the Zuyder Zee. The very disposition of the avenues of trees along the canal-banks, the color and sweep of the sails, and the planning of the waterways themselves, are all marked with the fitness that is the outcome of labor shaped by a definite purpose and enthusiasm.

Again, although Mr. Meldrum gives us so fine an impression of the natural character of the country, he does not very clearly denote its prevailing and cumulative influence. It is one of unbroken restfulness. The tall masts moving slowly up and down the apparently endless canals, the clear-cut line of the horizon undisturbed by hills, the absence of any violent demarcation of town from country, the continual procession of people who seem never to be idle or in a hurry, very poor or very rich, combine to create an atmosphere of repose and contentment which is not to be found anywhere save in Holland. We feel that we are in a land of no dangerous ambitions or sensational achievements, no striking beauties or guide-fashioned illusions, but of perfectly-ordered calm. The landscape of Holland disturbs the mind with no startling surprises or abnormal details; it induces a mood. Mr. Meldrum realises this fact vividly in speaking of the Dutch painters. "It is scarcely possible to find a local costume depicted with particularity by even a modern Dutch master. And as with the painters, so with the landscape itself. The blue of smock and A. P. (water-gauge) poles is absorbed in the infinitely grey-green of the whole. All these violences of local color are smoothened in the general tonal effect."

We wish the author had found room to discuss this question of the relation of Dutch Art to national life at some length. For if ever any art was national it is Dutch painting; and Mr. Meldrum's intimate knowledge of the people and their character would have made such a consideration full of interest. On the whole, however, he has handled his subject admirably. His book leaves us, as does Holland itself, rather with an impression than with a story to tell; and, if by a little judicious skipping in places we avoid the distraction of too close a recital of facts, we close it with a wider understanding of a national temper. To enable his readers to do that is an achievement on which Mr. Meldrum is to be congratulated.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLICISM.

"Benedictine Pioneers in Australia." By DOM NORBERT BIRT O.S.B. (Herbert and Daniel. Two vols. 25s. net.)

BORN the author of this book and the great religious order to which he belongs represent an older and more sober type of Catholicism than that of Mgr. R. H. Benson and Father Bernard Vaughan. Its practical disappearance, which is a matter for regret, is due to more than one cause. If it was wanting in the distinctive features of modern Ultramontanism—its paradox, its imagination, its genius for advertisement—it possessed qualities which command respect. It was sincere, modest, unpretentious; it was often learned; it ministered to the religious wants of its own people; and, though it was zealous, indiscriminate proselytism was not to its mind. The origins of the Catholic Church in Australia might have been treated in such a manner as to form an interesting and important chapter of contemporary history. Owing to the proportions assumed by Irish emigration, this Church—essentially Irish in character—has become the most prominent religious body in the Australian Continent; the work of its pioneers among the convicts at Botany Bay and in Norfolk Island was admirable; the late excellent Bishop Ullathorne was a man

MY TROPIC ISLE.*

From descriptions of the spot in which Mr. Banfield elects to live, Dunk Island must possess rare fascination. We are astonished at the revelations concerning meteorological conditions and climate generally; we get glimpses of fairy-like scenes, of sun-heated seas and coral groves, and fish of strange shapes and exquisite tints. *The Daily Chronicle* says: "Mr. Banfield has written a happy book and the man who does that merits our best thanks. It is a book to be bought and placed alongside the same author's 'Confessions of a Beachcomber.'"

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of whom any Church might be proud. Unfortunately, Dom Norbert Birt is either deficient in the qualities of a historian, or has taken a different view of history to that which finds general acceptance. He does not attempt an estimate either of the influence of Catholicism on the life of the Australian Colonies, or of the causes, conditions, and limits of this influence. His thousand pages are mainly occupied with what can only be called a *chronique scandaleuse* of a highly personal description, interspersed with a record of theological controversies, ecclesiastical functions, and public meetings, taken from cuttings from the local press.

The Church of Rome is so often taken to task for suppressing scandals and manipulating facts, that it may seem captious to criticise a Catholic writer for a too candid statement of both. But not all truths are worth the telling. The disputes recorded with such abundance, and we do not doubt faithful detail, are in no sense matters of public or general interest; the impression left on the reader is one of mediocrity and squalor. That the Rev. Mr. Dowling, "in a sermon on fraternal charity, made strong allusions to the Rev. Mr. Therry, who, in the heat of momentary excitement, dragged Mr. Dowling from the Altar"; that many of the priests drank to excess; that one challenged a layman to a duel, and was suspended in consequence by his bishop—whom he subsequently denounced to Rome for "giving scandal by his manner of life," the controversy ending in the bishop being deprived of his see; that similar irregularities of conduct were alleged against more than one other bishop, with the same result; that the first Vicar Apostolic escaped from his creditors and died at sea under unexplained circumstances—such things are personalities. Why wash so much dirty linen in public? The book can only give pain both in Australia and here.

The wording of these charges is singularly *naïf*. In a letter from a Sydney layman to Bishop Morris we read:—

"I am sorry to say that one of your clergymen (although in other respects a seemingly worthy man) is rather given to drink (I believe his constitution requires it), and is incapable at times to perform his duties."

Of Mr. Conolly, a brother priest reports:—

"I must candidly say I have an opinion of Mr. Conolly which I never had of any man yet—it is indescribable. *Entre nous*, I really sometimes have taken him to have dealings with his Satanic Majesty; nay, really, one night when he was *inebriatus*, I thought by what he said, by his countenance, and the figure he cut, that he was the devil incarnate. He would never enter into any pious conversation with me; indeed, I do not know what to make of him."

Appeals to Rome were frequent, and, it appears, unsatisfactory. "I was wounded to the quick by our being made catspaws of," writes Archbishop Polding, in 1866; and, speaking of delation, that plague of the Roman Church, "Is it not humiliating that one who has been twenty-nine years in the Episcopacy should thus be made the object of vile anonymous calumniation? For there is not, as you are aware, not merely a word, but even a shadow of verisimilitude in these charges; and the wretched liars will not be even reprehended—they will be allowed to remain unknown." Again, "This (the active work of the mission) is the work for which I am fitted. I am no match for the social, political, and ecclesiastical intrigues which characterise the present state of the religious world." Abbot Gregory is charged with putting it still more plainly—"I fear the Italic Church."

It is a curious psychological study. The strange ecclesiastics on whose foibles Dom Norbert Birt enlarges, and who flourished within the memory of men now living, were not bad men. In many respects they were worthy of admiration. They would travel 1,000 miles to a penal settlement, and 100 to a sick call. They endured hardships without complaint; they were, for the most part, indefatigable in the discharge of their duty; they planted their church on the outskirts of civilisation; they were beloved by their flocks. These are the circumstances, to do them justice, under which the Catholic clergy appear at their best; they have a singular power of dealing with the sick, the very poor, criminals, and in general with the wreckage of mankind. But, with all these good points, they remind one of overgrown school-boys. They have been taught a certain routine, and within its limits they do well. But beyond it they are vain, quarrelsome, undisciplined, and rather gross; neither their intelligence nor their character have been trained. "Benedictine Pioneers in Australia" is an unconscious exhibition of this

weakness in the Catholic system. It is impossible to read it without feeling that the men had stuff in them of which, under other influences, more might have been made. This gives the book its value; the sordid quarrels between Regulars and Seculars, Irish and English, Bishops and their priests, are frankly not worth recording. It will be noticed that Cardinal Moran comes off badly at the hands of the English Benedictine; his "History of the Church in Australia" receiving a severe, though deserved, criticism; and the story of his unseemly dispute with Bishop, afterwards Cardinal, Vaughan over the burial of his predecessor in the Archbishopric of Sydney being revived.

MR. BENNETT'S NEW NOVEL.

"Hilda Lessways." By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen. 6s.)

IN "Hilda Lessways" Mr. Arnold Bennett continues his admirable Bursley epic, of which "Clayhanger" was the second instalment. He has acted wisely in breaking off the narrative at the point of Hilda's separation from her bigamous husband, the genial, unreliable George Cannon, and in reserving for another book the later history of Hilda's relations with Edwin Clayhanger. With much artistic skill he has confined his narrative to the few months of domestic crisis which settle the course of his heroine's life. By so doing he has focussed the reader's attention on essentials, without including more details than are vital to his psychological drama.

The early pages present us with a delicious picture of Hilda's superior attitude to her expansive, fussy, and incapable parent, Mrs. Lessways, whose negligent ways vex the hard, tight, little soul of her determined daughter. The relations of legions of mothers and daughters are hit off in this exact study of the female domesticities. We have, all of us, known a Mrs. Lessways, who portfolios the attitude of innumerable widows from Dickens to Charles Keene, but never has she been drawn with finer or more kindly humor. When the figure of Florrie, the little servant drudge, is introduced to us, the most intimate sentiments of the feminine bosom are fingered as unerringly as the secrets that are yielded up by the widow's chest of drawers to her daughter's vigilant scrutiny. Mr. Arnold Bennett has done to a marvel the critical hardness of the girl's judgments, blended with the thrilled expectancy and deliciously-overflowing romanticism of youth. Hilda, breathlessly daring, nerves herself to call upon a Bursley lawyer to consult him about her mother's property, which will come to her someday, and she thus establishes friendly relations with the handsome, genial, and imposing George Cannon, a *soi-disant* solicitor, who possesses a clever tongue and a shadowy past. It is difficult to over-praise the fine, rich exactitude of the scenes in which this cheerful man of the world assumes control of the business affairs of the Lessway household and works them to his own ends. George Cannon has "a way with him," and his belief in his own schemes impresses the feminine heart and hypnotises the three women into agreement. Three women, for the third now appears in the person of Sarah Gailey, Cannon's half-sister, a suffering spinster, whose inscrutable air of settled apprehension throws a light, dubious shadow on George and his plans. His ostensible object is to provide a livelihood for his half-sister as proprietress of a London boarding house, and Sarah's shrinking reluctance contrasts most subtly with Hilda's youthful enthusiasm and Mrs. Lessways's good-natured acquiescence. Mrs. Lessways is busily engaged in getting the London boarding house into shape, when she suddenly falls ill, and succumbs to an attack of peritonitis. Hilda is thus left to the mercy of her youthful temperament and the breezy manoeuvres of George Cannon.

Perhaps the most cleverly executed type in a book of admirable character studies is that of George Cannon. Readers of "Whom God Hath Joined" may remember how capital is the delineation of the middle-aged, pleasure-loving solicitor, genial and optimistically worldly in his business and family relations. Not since Anthony Trollope has any novelist painted with so broad, yet so exact, a touch, the manners of this omnipresent type of professional man. George Cannon belongs to this genus, but he is of the scampish variety, just as Osmond Orgreave, the architect,

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is of the solid, successful order. Cannon is the plausible and enterprising type of man who is always engaged in a fresh scheme for money-making, when the last has fallen through. At Bursley he starts a newspaper to compete with the "Staffordshire Signal." It fails, and George Cannon, menaced by the local Law Society for unprofessional conduct, shakes the dust of Bursley off his feet and plunges gaily into a Brighton boarding-house and hotel business. In his vitality and resourcefulness, and in his adroitly elastic standards, the man is extraordinarily typical of commercialism everywhere; and Mr. Bennett has doubled his success by his skilful analysis of Hilda's girlish glorification of George's efficient masculinity. We see George in her dazzled eyes; and we see him as he actually is. Admirably rendered, too, is the contrast between the women's passive endurance of the dull boarding-house atmosphere when George is absent, and their flushed self-consciousness when he is on the spot directing affairs. Miss Sarah Gailey also, in her suffering gloominess and chronic depression, is one of those mysterious types of neurotic spinsters who haunt the imagination. By the fact of her tragically useless existence she determines Hilda's future, for the latter cannot leave Sarah in her growing ill-health, and is therefore fated to be directed and hypnotised by George Cannon's enterprising will.

In the study of his heroine Mr. Arnold Bennett has attempted a feat more exacting than in any other of his novels. It is, in fact, a study of girlhood at the most susceptible age, when the flush of sensations and emotions is immensely stimulated by growing sexuality, and when the call of the blood both emphasises and falsifies the individuality. The study is well-nigh perfect as regards Hilda's relations with her mother, her friends the Orgreaves, and with George Cannon. Indeed, no masculine novelist since Richardson, so far as our knowledge goes, has succeeded better in embodying in a picture of young womanhood the intensely susceptible self-consciousness of youth. It is curious that a man should grapple with, and achieve so successfully in the main, shades of feeling that women novelists fight shy of. Yet we have seen of late, Meredith, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Galsworthy, all triumphing in the special field of feminine psychology, and now Mr. Arnold Bennett has marked out for himself a particular field in this rich domain. Hilda Lessways is, we think, more convincing as a study of youth than as a character. Mr. Bennett has attempted to bring off so much in his picture, has plunged so boldly, and brought up such handfuls of psychological treasure in the stream of his narrative, that it would be astonishing if the whole effect were as organically perfect as the various parts. Readers of "Clayhanger" will remember that when Hilda is on a visit to Bursley she fascinates Edwin, the hero, and that on the second occasion he proposes marriage to her, and is accepted. A few weeks later he is stunned by the news that she has accepted George Cannon, and married him in Brighton. We now see her side of the picture. Though hypnotised by George Cannon's force, she is really in love with Edwin Clayhanger. On her second visit to Bursley she reappears (though unknown to her friends) as Cannon's victim, for she has just separated from him, in Brighton, after the honeymoon, on her discovery that he has already a wife living in Devonshire. It is her intention to dissolve this bigamous marriage when she engages herself to Edwin, but a week later she discovers that she is with child by Cannon, and has therefore no option but to hide her head, and send Edwin her misleading message. It is at this point that "Hilda Lessways" terminates.

Mr. Bennett has woven into his epic with such rare skill the group of figures and scheme of action of his new novel that one hesitates in offering any criticism. In itself "Hilda Lessways" is admirable in structure, and perfectly convincing in its psychological truth. The one defect which, indeed, is almost inherent in his plan, is that Hilda is far too clairvoyant and expert in her analytic faculty. There are passages (see pp. 158, 160, 186, 207, 322, 333, for example), where the author's acute analysis seems to merge over much with the young girl's sensations, and it is in the insensible expansion of this method that Hilda's individuality loses its sharp outline, and sometimes taxes our credence. This point of art is worth the author's attention,

and raises obvious queries in scenes such as that of Hilda's after-marriage reflections, where we have to jump an interval of time. It is, indeed, less the artistic method that is open to criticism than the accentuation of the philosophic analysis. But the strength of the novel, as an imaginative creation, is beyond question. Perhaps the finest passage in the book is the last page of the chapter "Louisa Uncontrolled." Here the shattering revelation of George Cannon's bigamous marriage adds an unforeseen climax to a suggestive and dramatic chapter.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"My Vagabondage: Being the Intimate Autobiography of a Nature's Nomad." By J. E. PATTERSON. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. PATTERSON divides his autobiography into two sections, "The Life Rebellious" and "The Life Adventurous," and the contents of his book fully bear out these titles. Rebellion was the ruling principle of his boyhood. His mother died when he was four years old, and his father seems to have treated him with sternness. That, and a feeling of injustice, seem to have rankled in his mind. He tells us how, when prevented from attending his little sister's funeral, his grief turned to rage, and he went home, smashing all he could, including the windows of an empty cottage. To this temperament were joined courage and an invincible love of fighting, so it is not surprising that the record of his early years shows him in violent antagonism to authority. When, as he thought, persecuted in the house of one relative, he fled into another; and he wandered from father to grandfather, and from grandfather to various aunts, and back again, as the fancy took him. All this portion of the autobiography is very successful in rendering the moods and feelings of a lonely boy who had a dim consciousness of being in some sense an Ishmael, finding most of his pleasure apart from and in opposition to his fellows. "The Life Adventurous" began for Mr. Patterson when he left the mine in which he worked before he was twelve, to join a coasting schooner at Hull. His outfit for the voyage consisted largely of books, among them "The Cid," "Roland of Roncesvalles," "The Æneid," and "Paul and Virginia," and when the schooner touched at Sunderland, his father dragged him home, "a temporarily cast-down, humiliated, little incarnation of smouldering revolt." His next attempt took him to the North Sea smack "Egeria," in which, off the Dogger Bank, he nearly lost his life, and accumulated material for his successful novel, "Fishers of the Sea," which was declined by twenty-five publishers. The remainder of his story as a seaman is crowded with adventure to a degree that makes the reader wonder how any man could have so great a faculty for participating actively in so many thrilling and surprising incidents. But the great merit of the book is not the adventures it relates, but the revelation it gives of Mr. Patterson's own character. Whether one likes his personality or not, the reader cannot deny its vigor and earnestness; nor can he avoid sympathising with the author's dogged persistence in the course which has made him a successful novelist. The book is a human document of great interest.

* * *

"Casanova and His Time." By EDOUARD MAYNIAL. Translated by ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

"THERE are books," says M. Maynial, "as there are men, which are better than their reputation." Without disputing the general truth of the statement, there are, we think, few readers who will apply it to the "Mémoires" of that arch-scoundrel of the eighteenth century—Jacques Casanova. His complacent record of fraud, intrigue, and vice, may throw a flood of light upon the social conditions of a corrupt and credulous age, and may even help us to fill in the details of a few obscure political machinations, but it will never be read for example of life or instruction of manners. Yet Casanova—like Stendhal, though with far less right—has admirers who consider no toil too great if spent on elucidating the "Mémoires." The researches of M. Armand Baschet and M. Guède in France, Signor d'Ancona in Italy, Dr. Tage Bull in Denmark, and Herr Barthold in

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The October number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW contains the following articles:—

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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Germany, have brought together a great deal of fresh material, while the investigation of Casanova's unpublished manuscripts at Dux, in Bohemia, which have been described by Mr. Arthur Symonds, has shown that no edition of the "Mémoires" is completely trustworthy. M. Maynial tells us that an unexpurgated edition is now in preparation, and in the meantime he presents us with the present collection of essays on some leading events in Casanova's life. He tells us something of Casanova as cabalist and sorcerer, and of his rivalry with Saint-Germain and other adventurers; of Casanova's secret mission to The Hague in 1757, and of his relations with Madame d'Urfé, one of his most profitable dupes. But the most interesting section of the book is a long account of Casanova's visit to Voltaire at Les Délices, when the conversation turned upon Ariosto, Tasso, Goldoni, and other Italian writers. If we are to believe Casanova, and M. Maynial finds reasons for doing so, Voltaire's admiration for Ariosto, and his attitude to Italian literature in general, were largely inspired by the conversation of the Venetian adventurer. The concluding chapter contains a history of the text of the "Mémoires," and notes the discrepancies between the different editions, in particular those of Rosez and Garnier. Miss Mayne's translation is excellent. It has all the ease of an original work, while at the same time giving an exact rendering of what M. Maynial has written.

* * *

"The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists." Edited by W. A. NEILSON, Ph.D. (Cassell. 10s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR NEILSON has, in this volume, made a selection of thirty plays by Elizabethan dramatists, with the double object of illustrating Shakespeare by means of typical examples of the work of his contemporaries, and of presenting in a single volume the most distinguished plays of the Elizabethan period. It is a common-place to say that the light of Shakespeare's genius has dimmed the radiance of his contemporaries, and few, except students, read Kyd, or Massinger, or Ford, or the other dramatic writers who flourished in the great epoch of our literature. Yet the average reader would find entertainment in their plays. Even if Beaumont and Fletcher carried their desire for effect to the point of sensationalism, and Webster delighted in tragedies of blood and thunder, the romantic comedy of the former is full of strong scenes and vigorous characters, while Webster's power of expression gives him a place little below Shakespeare. Professor Neilson's selection gives the busy man a chance of making acquaintance with these dramatists, as well as with Lyly, Peele, Green, Marlowe, Dekker, and half a dozen others. One fault to be found with the book is that the type is rather difficult to read; but, with so much matter compressed into a single volume, small type and closely-printed pages could not be avoided.

* * *

"Behind the Ranges: Parentheses of Travel." By F. G. AFLALO. (Secker. 10s. 6d. net.)

In these twelve pleasant essays, Mr. Afalo gossips about different aspects of travel, furnishes those of less experience than himself with hints that, if acted upon, will increase their comfort and enjoyment, and, by way of warning or encouragement, relates some incidents that have come under his notice. His chapter on "The Reform of the Tourist" should be read by all who leave the British Isles either for an extended tour or a brief holiday, and his remarks upon the English attitude to the "non-British human race" should be taken to heart by the offenders. Other topics touched upon are mountaineering, fishing, the oddities and capacities of native servants, railway trains in many lands, bathing, food, and mosquitoes. Of these latter insects, Mr. Afalo writes with feeling; but he is able to say that in recent years the weak joints in the armor of these "winged serpents" have been laid bare by enthusiastic workers in the field of tropical medicine, so that to-day the tourist has no excuse for allowing them to interfere seriously with his pleasure. A charming essay on "Rivers Running to their Goal" originally appeared in the "Quarterly Review," and portions of some of the others have been published in other magazines and journals.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. September 22.	Price Friday morning. September 29.
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Midland Deferred	66½	68½
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Union Pacific	163	162½
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THE best proof of the renewed cheerfulness and confidence which came to the city after the practical settlement of the Morocco dispute is that the sudden and sensational disclosure of Italian designs on Tripoli failed to prevent a general rise of prices, and even the failure of the Bank of Egypt had no general effect until Thursday, when the upward movement received a check, to which, no doubt, gold exports and dearer money contributed. The Italian ultimatum was described by a leading jobber as a piece of pure brigandage, and it produced anxieties as to what might be the consequences of a scramble for Turkey in Europe. Another source of uneasiness is the state of credit in London. A very disgraceful failure, accompanied by the most despicable frauds, has involved several banks in heavy losses; and, in addition, the suspension of the Bank of Egypt has led people to wonder whether any limit can be set to the negligence of a board of directors. Anyhow, for some reason or other, the City is uneasy and suspicious, and the banks are not lending money freely.

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN INDUSTRIALS.

British investors will do well to beware of Canadian Industrials. There has been a good deal of shady finance and watered stock. A good many well-advertised concerns have gone into liquidation of late years, and the rule that industrial securities, which cannot be marketed at home should not be bought by outsiders may well be honored in this case. But it is interesting to note that the failure of Reciprocity will probably help the Trusts of Canada and injure those of the United States, since the latter, in most cases, are more efficient and less dependent on tariff support. Besides, the failure of Reciprocity makes likelier a heavy defeat for the Republican Party, which is the high tariff party. It also means that, in the hope of saving the situation, President Taft will probably now seek to bring about big "cuts" in the Tariff schedule at the expense of the woollen and cotton manufacturing combines, to say nothing of the Steel Trust. But the recent heavy fall in "Steels" is understood to have been engineered by some of the big New York financiers, who were "Bears" on a large scale, and have made very fat profits out of the losses of the public. We shall believe in the dissolution of the Steel Trust when we see it, but not before. The signed statement issued by Mr. Gary and Mr. Morgan, to the effect that there need be no fear of the Steel Corporation being dissolved, should, however, have been issued several days earlier.

THE BANK OF EGYPT.

The simultaneous suspension of the Bank of Egypt in Alexandria and London last Tuesday was quite unexpected by the general public. According to the "Pall Mall Gazette," its early successes and recent losses were alike due to Luzzatto Pasha, who doubled the bank's dividend, and became a great financial power in Egypt. Before his death, however, he got the Bank into embarrassments, from which it has not been able to recover, in spite of several eminent directors, including (until a year or two ago) Lord Milner. There is a liability of £12 10s. on the £25 shares, and the incident will not tend to increase the popularity of bank shares with the British public, though the yields just now on several strong institutions are unusually and temptingly high. The action of the Bank's directors in paying a fairly high dividend last March, and also transferring £200,000 from reserve, seems to deserve criticism, especially as there was a plentiful display of optimism at the meeting. Unfortunate investments in Egyptian land are probably the transactions which proved fatal to this small but well-known institution.

LUCCELLUM.

THE NORTHERN EQUITABLE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE Fourth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Northern Equitable Insurance Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday, 19 September, 1911, in the Accountant's Hall, 218, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. Frank Burnet, Esq. (Chairman of the Company), presided.

The Secretary read the notice calling the meeting, and also read to the meeting report by the auditors, dated 7 September, 1911, a copy of which is appended to the balance sheet.

The Chairman said: I have pleasure in submitting for your consideration the fourth annual report of directors, along with audited accounts for the year to 31 July. The net premium income for the year, after deducting re-insurances, amounts to £145,842 5s. 2d. A very large proportion of this increase is due to the rise in rates which has taken place during the year in our Workmen's Compensation Department. In many cases these rates have been more than doubled. Until, however, we see whether these increased rates will have the effect of putting our Workmen's Compensation Department on a profitable footing, we have taken steps to restrict our operations in this Department so far as new business is concerned, and are devoting attention mainly to the putting of our existing business on a sound and profitable footing rather than to the acquisition of more new business. This applies only, of course, to workmen's compensation business, as our other departments have all along proved profitable, and the more we can extend them on the same lines the better it will be for the company.

In this connection I may mention that we have now made arrangements to conduct our Fire Department ourselves. As you are aware, we, shortly after the company was commenced, entered into an arrangement with another company to re-insure all our fire business at certain rates of commission. We have now got together a very fair volume of good fire business, on which the claims experience has been very favourable. We have decided, therefore, to bring the arrangement with our re-insuring company to an end, and conduct our fire business ourselves, moving on very conservative lines, and avoiding the acceptance of any foreign business whatever. The connections which we have built up in this country through our workmen's compensation and other departments should prove most useful in developing our fire business.

We have, during the year, very largely developed our agency connections in the United Kingdom, and have met the cost of this out of revenue. All our business has been built up through direct agency connections of the company, and we have practically no treaty business of any kind. I may also add that our business is entirely confined to the United Kingdom, and no foreign business has been accepted. While foreign business, if properly conducted, has proved profitable to the older companies, there are many reasons why it is undesirable for a young company such as ours is, to enter the foreign field.

The claims paid and outstanding at the end of the year amount to £22,438 1s. 11d. We found that the sum allowed for outstanding claims at the end of last year was insufficient for that purpose, and we have accordingly this year made allowance for outstanding claims on a more liberal basis than in the previous year. This partly accounts for the increase in the claims ratio, but this increase is also due to the fact that the amount required to be paid per claim has steadily risen, owing to the increased difficulty in settling claims. This to a large extent explains why rates of premiums have required to be so much raised. Further, the Act has been so extended by judicial decisions that the liability for claims has been greatly extended, and in my opinion extends far beyond what was ever contemplated by Parliament. Since the passing of the Workmen's Compensation Act, we, in common with other insurance companies, have found that the rates originally charged for this class of insurance, and which were based on the experience of other companies under the previous Workmen's Compensation Act, were in many cases quite inadequate. Since this has been discovered we have been steadily pushing up our rates, and we think we have now got the great bulk of our workmen's compensation business at rates which should prove profitable, provided the present cost per claim does not rise to any material extent. If the company had only to meet the cost of bona-fide claims, workmen's compensation business would pay handsomely, even at the old rates. Unfortunately, the Act, which was intended to be a benefit to the working classes, has been largely abused by some employees. All that the framers of the Act intended, so far as regards non-fatal accidents, was to provide a workman with a means of subsistence during the time he was incapacitated by accident; but unfortunately it seems to be a widely prevalent idea amongst workmen that the Act was intended to provide them in addition with a lump sum as compensation for any pain or suffering to which they may have been put, even where the accident is the result of their own carelessness. The result is that it becomes more and more difficult to persuade the injured persons to return to work as soon as they have recovered from their injuries. They are fully convinced that, in addition to the sum payable to them in terms of the Act, they are entitled to a lump sum before they will agree to start work again. In addition to this class, who may be assumed to be honest though mistaken, there has sprung up an ever-increasing number of malingerers, who make it a business to make money out of accidents or alleged accidents. At present, where an injured man is a member of one or two Friendly Societies, he often draws from them and his employers more per week after his accident than he earned in wages previously. The temptation in such circumstances to mangle is undoubtedly very great, with the result that the Friendly Society and insurance company covering the employer both suffer unfairly. Through this malingering, insurance companies have been forced to raise their premiums to such an extent that they now form a very heavy burden on employers. We are hopeful that some steps, whether legislative or otherwise, will soon be taken to put an end to what is a most intolerable burden on the community. Another reason why our claims ratio is higher this year is that the last three months of our financial year have, for reasons which none of us could control, been unusually prolific of claims. In previous years we found that these three months were amongst the lightest for claims in the year, owing no doubt to the long light days and other climatic causes. This year, owing to the intense heat of the weather, and also to a large extent to the disturbed state of industries caused by the numerous strikes and lock-outs which have taken place, the claims intimated during these three months rose abnormally, so that instead of being amongst the best months for claims they were easily the worst of the whole year. It would no doubt surprise you to know how many of the accidents reported during these three months were directly traceable to the hot weather, and many more are no doubt indirectly due to the lack of alertness and the lassitude induced by the unusual heat of the summer. I am glad to say that this state of matters does not now continue, and that the intimations of claims have now returned to the normal.

The commission paid amounts to £19,411 15s. 9d., and the expense of management to £28,252 3s. 2d., altogether £47,663 18s. 11d., being 32.7 per cent. of the premium income, as compared with 41.9 per cent. last year. This is a very satisfactory result, and compares very favourably with the expense ratio of other companies. The reduction in the expense ratio has, of course, been considerably helped by the increase of rates on our existing business, to which I have already referred. Even taking that into account, however, I think we have every reason to be satisfied that the business is being conducted on economical lines.

During the year we have increased our realisable assets, in which

I include cash in bank and on hand, investments, agents' balances, and interest accrued, from £47,220 12s. 2d. to £63,582 6s. 6d., or an increase of £16,361 14s. 4d. Our investments, you will observe, have in this year's accounts again been written down to actual market value as at 31 July last. We regret that they again show a slight depreciation in value, but it is to be kept in view that the market for railway securities was in an unusually depressed state at the end of July, owing, amongst other things, to the threatened strike.

With regard to the question of dividend, I am aware that there is considerable disappointment that no dividend has been declared, but the directors are unanimously of opinion that it is not in the best interests of the company to declare a dividend at this time. We have during the past year or two, for reasons some of which I have already explained to you, been passing through a time of exceptional difficulty. I am convinced that it is largely due to the conservative manner in which the Board has dealt with the payment of dividends, and the anxiety they have shown to build up ample reserves, that the company stands to-day in so high repute with the insuring public. We as a Board have every confidence regarding the future of the company, and that the shareholders will before long reap the reward of the long patience which they have shown in respect of dividends.

I beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts. Mr. Henry F. Morier seconded the motion. The report was unanimously adopted.

After the retiring Directors had been unanimously re-elected, and other formal business transacted, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the Chairman, on the motion of Mr. W. C. Faulds.

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